

# The Vista

1908



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# The Vista

VOLUME IV

1908



Published by the Senior Class of the  
New Albany High School



NEW ALBANY, INDIANA  
THE TRIBUNE COMPANY, PRINTERS AND BINDERS  
1908

# The Vista

1908

LEE SAPINSKY, Editor in Chief

RONALD KENT, Business Manager  
HERMAN ROCKENBACK, Assistant  
WILFORD HASSENMILLER, Art

## ASSISTANTS

VIRGINIA LYND

HELEN RUTHENBURG  
ANNA KORFHAGE

BYRON HARTLEY  
EUGENE BULLETT

## Foreword

The Editors present this Vista, to the Class of Nineteen Eight,  
We hope that as you view it and read it pages o'er  
The Vista will be fitting our class to commemorate  
And serve as a remembrance of the four years gone before.

Long and careful were our efforts, and earnest was our work,  
That this booklet now we might present to you;  
And there wasn't time to idle, nor there wasn't time to shirk;  
Eeah and every thing we did that we were able well to do.

So when you get your copy and have read it through  
and through,  
We hope it may be pleasing to your eyes;  
For the thing above all others that we labored hard to do,  
Was to make of it a souvenir that every one might prize.

We hope that every person at whom we deign to laugh,  
Upon whose deeds and foibles we dare to air our wit,  
Will not become quite angry, will not be prone to chaff;  
But will remember always "It is The Vista's benefit."

This is the final effort as a Class we'll undertake,  
For we'll soon forever leave this house to which we come to learn;  
And though light may seem our spirit, still our hearts quite often ache,  
When we think again to High School no more we will return.

As we gaze down through the vista of the last four years of time,  
And recall the many victories, in glory we have won;  
And think how very often it was a tiresome climb,  
Then we take an honest pride in all the work that we have done.

This class has made a record to which we point with pride—  
A record which it seems to us 'twill be hard to surpass;  
And the memory of our school with us ever will abide,  
And the memory of our classmates of the Nineteen Naught Eight Class.

Then to dear old N. A. H. S., the school that's best of all,  
This volume of The Vista with respect we dedicate;  
May it help into your memory forever to install,  
The class that's best of classes, the Class of Nineteen Eight.

The Vista editors desire to thank the cast of "She Stoops to Conquer", for their work in the play, which made this annual a financial success. We also extend our gratitude to Miss Graves and Mr. McLinn for their advice and help in the management of both the play and The Vista. We hope our readers will show their appreciation to our advertisers, by the substantial means of liberal patronage.

It will be noticed that the 1908 Vista is entirely a Senior product. All articles were written by the members of the class, whose names are appended, and all drawings, designs, and etchings are the work of a Senior.



# Senior Class

1904-1908

## OFFICERS

BYRON HARTLEY, President  
MARY DEVOL, Vice President  
HELEN RUTHENBURG, Secretary  
GUSTAV WEINMANN, Treasurer

## COLORS

Blue and Gold

### Byron Hartley

Pres. III, IV. Play II, III, IV. Orchestra  
III, IV. Vista Board, Foot Ball, Honor  
Roll.



There is a big fellow named Byron,  
Whose voice equals that of a Siren,  
His hair stands so high  
Above his blue eye,  
That it looks like it's sure had a wirin'.

### Lee Sapinsky

Sec. I, II. Play II, III, IV. Blotter II,  
III, IV. Editor of *The Vista*. Honor  
Roll.

Here's a chappy we all know as "Sappy"  
Versatility's what keeps him happy,  
Through *The Vista* he prates,  
He acts and orates,  
Does everything briskly and snappy.

### Ruth Rough

Play III.  
Didst ever meet charming Ruth Rough?  
If not, you don't live until now,  
She can act, dance, and sing  
To your memory she'll cling,  
You're captured and can't tell just how.

### Wilford Hassenmiller

Orchestra III, IV. Vista Board.  
"slats" is a name you can't mar,  
As a joker he beats all by far.  
In art he aims high  
And we oft hear him sigh,  
For we know that he aims at a Starr.

### Grace Clarke

Indeed Grace's last name is Clarke  
A girl ever gay as a lark,  
She stands for her rights  
At the risk of big fights.  
In the world she will sure make her mark.

### Gustav Weinmann

Captain of Track. Play II, IV. Pres. I,  
Treas. IV.  
In our class is a lawyer sedate,  
"Fine" in speaking and "grand" in de-  
bate.  
His name it is Gus  
And he seldom does fuss,  
Which does my heart good to relate.

### Helen Ruthenburg

Play II. Blotter III. Sec. IV. Vista  
Board. Valedictorian.  
At the head of her class stands Helen  
And what she don't know ain't worth  
telling.  
So attractive is she  
On some swain's earnest plea,  
A different surname she'll be spellin'.

NOTE: Numerals represent years, as,  
I 1904-05, II 1905-06, etc.





### Herman Rockenbach

Basket Ball, Vista Board, Base Ball,  
That "get there" quality has Herman,  
A thing that's inbred in the German,  
He's a fine strong athlete  
And so jolly and neat,  
Lucky she who will claim him as her man.



### Lima Zimmerman

Here's a pretty young lass, Lima Z,  
And a very good student is she.  
Her eyes are deep brown  
And she ne'er wears a frown,  
But smiles with a smile good to see.



### Edmund Ritter

See "Doc" who is sometimes called Ed.  
Some hint like a pretzel's his head.  
Yes, he happens in  
With his crafty old grin,  
Where'er anything's to be fed.



### Anna Korfhage

Play II, IV, Vista Board.  
Anna's a girl who is smart,  
But alack! she has not a heart.  
Pity she has none  
For all boys' neath the sun,  
To win her there's no use to start.



### William Cannon

Play II, IV, Sec. III.  
Here's Cannon, a naval cadet;  
Success is for him you can bet,  
For his name in the war  
Is befitting a tar,  
But let's hope that he'll never get wet.



### Eustasia Frazee

This girl is our "deah" Miss Frazee,  
And truly quite charming is she.  
She drops all her "ahs," (r's)  
And says "O my stabs,"  
And really she's pleasant to see.

### Ronald Kent

Pres. II, Blotter Board III, IV, Captain  
Basket Ball, Play III, Vice-Pres. I,  
Salutatorian, Vista Board, Track.  
In business Kent stands at the head,  
Even in matters like this he has led,  
His attachments are Hardy,  
In these he's not tardy,  
In his actions these omens we've read.

### Marguerite Hardy

Play II.  
A maiden as sweet as Marguerite  
Tisn't everyone's fortune to meet.  
Her natural bent  
Is plainly toward Kent,  
In all things Marguerite is discreet.

### Margaret Conner

In our class is a tall stately Miss Conner  
And her presence here does us much  
honor.  
She hums all the day  
And reaches high A.  
So that Mr. Emb's' thanks rain upon her.

### Virginia Lynd

Play II, III, Blotter Board II, III, Vista  
Board.  
Miss Lynd is somewhat of a poet.  
All who've read of her verses well knoet.  
So nice is Virginia  
She'll certainly win you,  
If you've praise on her you'll bestoet.

### Eugene Bulleit

Foot Ball, Blotter Board IV, Vista Board.  
A senior there is named Eugene,  
That he's bright can be easily seen,  
And like his last name,  
Straight ahead is his aim,  
Things occur when Eugene's on the scene.

### Louise Manor

Honor Roll, Orchestra.  
O sweet is the look on her face  
As Louise plays in chapel with grace;  
But she likes Latin best  
And just in from the test  
She comes without sign of grimace.





**Earl Martin**

Near the throne we should find this great  
Earl,  
Whose blush bears the grace of a girl;  
When from Borden he came,  
Their loss was cur gain—  
For him our best flag we'll unfurl.



**Louise Stoy**

Honor Roll.  
Louise is light headed, you see,  
But in truth that surely can't be;  
She's so hard at her books  
She has no vain looks  
For the person we girls all call "he."



**Ellsworth McAfee**

Honor Roll.  
From Borden there comes young McAfee  
That he's dandy we all will agree;  
That his curly black hair  
And green tie he does wear  
Are well worthy of notice, you see.



**Eleanor Stoy**

Here's a maiden named Eleanor Stoy  
Whom naught nether the sun can annoy;  
She's happy and gay  
And the same every day.  
Through her life we all wish her great  
joy.



**Lance Holmes**

Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Track.  
Lance H. stands high among athletes,  
Many and varied are his feats;  
Wherever he roams  
He'll always have Holmes.  
With indifference the fair sex he treats.



**Bess Erni**

This picture you see is of Bess,  
She's good looking we'll have to confess;  
At the making of candy  
She sure is a dandy.  
For Bess, we guess Fate holds success.

**Jacob E. Buerk**

Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Track.  
A man of the Reds is Jake Buerk,  
Who instead of a smile gives a smirk;  
He has won himself fame  
In each big Foot Ball game,  
On the gridiron "O my!" he can work."

**Julia Kintner**

Gaze here on the face of dear Julia;  
Here's a girl that will certainly Julia.  
So boys all be wary,  
For if you she should marry,  
'Tis a cinch that this Julia would rule.

**Ethel Millian**

Here's a girl who is little and sweet  
And she's so exceedingly neat  
(That like her we'd be  
If to choose we were free),  
From her head to her wee tiny feet.

**Mary Newhouse**

In this school's this young maiden called  
Mary,  
No larger they say than a fairy;  
That Mary is cute  
No one will dispute,  
At least we are certain she's airy.

**Lance Briscoe**

Play H. Track.  
Though quite pessimistic is Lance,  
He's a smile that surely enchants;  
O' all right is Briscoe  
As all you well may know,  
Naught said to his fame can enhance.

**Elmo Kreutzer**

Play H.  
Elmo is pleasant and gay,  
Indeed she is always that way;  
She's smiling to all  
Whom she meets in the hall,  
Why, she's jolly whatever you say.





**Ira Yates**

Orchestra IV.  
Here's solemn and stern Ira Yates,  
One of our most illustrious mates;  
He rides on a "bike"  
And his looks he don't like  
And all girls, we believe, he just hates.



**Alma Sittason**

Play II, III, IV.  
We've an actress with talent so great  
That we think she's decreed such by fate.  
Yet not only in plays,  
But in all other ways  
You'd be hard pressed to find her a mate.



**Elbert Emery**

The least in our class is Elbert,  
But ne'er was a lad so alert;  
Though exceedingly small  
He don't mind it a tall  
And his views he don't fear to assert.



**Jennie Griffin**

O she honors our class does young Jennie  
Her high grades acquired have been many  
But her voice is so low  
And her accents not slow,  
That reward for her hearer's a penny,



**Charles Martin**

Foot Ball.  
A boy very quiet is Charles,  
Tis seldom it ever he quarrels;  
His voice it is low  
And his movements are slow,  
But for true worth we'll crown him with  
laurels.



**Mary Devol**

Play II. Vice-Pres. IV.  
This maiden but ne'er 'twould be guessed  
Ever meets her sad fate in a test.  
At each test she wails  
"This is where, Mary fails."  
But in grades she turns up with the best.

**Chester Best**

Not half bad is good Mr. Best.  
He enters all work with a zest.  
Stands high in the air,  
And has inches to spare  
In each mental or physical test.

**Katharine Wolpert**

Play II, IV.  
Behold Katharine gentle and sweet  
In goodness this girl can't be beat;  
But she says things awry  
And then can't just see why  
We with laughter these sayings do greet.

**Carl Thorn**

Play II.  
Beware, for among us a Thorn,  
With never a rose is forlorn;  
But you he may take  
So your life is at stake,  
So do not his worthy suit scorn.

**Maud Davis**

Here's a young lady named Davis,  
We couldn't dislike her to savor;  
To her we give thanks  
That she's here in our ranks  
And the face of Maud Davis she gavis.

**Harry Bellows**

To our class an addition is Bellows,  
Whose voice is both rich and quite mellow.  
So pleasant is Harry  
And also quite merry  
He ranks high in the list of his fellows.

**Ida Brown**

Ida Brown is the fair lassie's name  
And her eyes and her name are the same  
She's quiet and sweet  
And she's gentle and neat,  
In this rests the fair lassie's fame.







THE CLASS 1904-1908 AS FRESHMEN

## The Night Before Commencement

By HELEN RUTHENBURG

Within a pretty room, now strewn with her beautiful gifts and long mysterious boxes in which lay her gowns for the morrow, a Senior sat, gazing thoughtfully out into the moonlight. Her thoughts were of the morrow which would bring her Commencement day—that day to which she looked forward for four long years. Her mood should have been a happy one, but instead her mind seemed to reflect the varied experiences of the past four years whose record stood upon her desk in the little blue and gold volumes of her diary.

The clock in the hallway struck twelve, but she heard it from afar. Again she was a tiny, timid Freshman feeling upon her cheek the hot flush which had arisen at some remark of a Sophomore. Then the dreadful first few weeks were over and she was growing accustomed to the steep and narrow stairs and the queer surprising turns and beginning to think of her classmates and teachers. She hadn't known much about the other people in her class for there were a hundred and twenty-six of them and they had attended in two sessions, but she had soon grown fond of those instructors who now hold a position of honor on Professor Buerk's desk. Sooner than she had thought possible it was time for the class pictures to be taken and Spring had come inviting her to leave her studies.

Now she saw herself a Sophomore lost, with many others this time, in the new building. She had missed familiar faces and here and there had seen new ones while in the place of former teachers there were several strangers who, however, did not long remain strangers. Then with the thought of the new English department

came the well remembered fear which had overwhelmed her when she was, for the first time, put upon a program in literary society. That fear, though, had made easier her first appearance as an actress. Again she felt the thrill of pride and pleasure when her scene of the "Merchant of Venice" was over. Her next public performance had been the "Rose Maiden" and what good times she had had then, but this had marked the close of Sophomore year.

Then as she recalled the memory of the first day of her third year, there came also the importance of the "Sweet Sixteen" girls and the good times she had at the parties of that club. But Junior year was by no means all play for there were lessons and lessons and these had to be learned often times amid the strains of some familiar air which the orchestra was playing in the auditorium. How she had wanted to listen and not to study, but instead she had had to concoct disagreeable mixtures in the chemistry laboratory across the hall. But when all the compounds had been prepared and all the lessons finished they had given a farewell reception to the Seniors of '07, thus ending with a splendid time their Junior year.

Then with a deepening sense of sadness she recalled the bright and joyous day which had ushered in the last and happiest year of all the four. Their number had dwindled to about a fourth of the first year's class and yet they were but drawn the closer by that fact as well as by the thought that this was their last year together. Early in the year, earlier than the other classes, she thought with pride, her class had chosen their pins and how they all prized them. Early too the Senior Club, the O. O. O., had been organized and their pleasure alone would have made her loth to leave the joys of High School. Then before the Christmas holidays came the "Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date" and how she enjoyed the rehearsals and then again she experienced their pleasurable emotion which had responded to the loud applause. Then came the holidays and in the midst of their fun the O. O. O. reception with its pennants and banners and mistletoe! How sorry she had been to go home and leave it all. Soon after that had come the class meetings, and invitations were selected with greatest excitement and—just then the clock on the stairway chimed two and she started up wondering how the time could have flown so quickly giving only a brief glance of farewell at the joys of the foregoing weeks.

## MAY

You may have for your own the still cold days;

The days with the Christmas cheer,

But the warm hazy days in the month of May

To my heart are ever dear.

There's a touch in the breeze against your cheek

Like a gentle soft caress.

There's a benediction in the air

As if Nature would us bless.

There's a radiance in the woods and fields

That nothing can surpass.

And a gentle throb in the robin's song

As he chirps in the swaying grass.

Thou art more beautiful each year,

Thou blithesome bonny May!

And softer, too, thy blending greens

As they toss in the breeze and sway!

Cast thy charms before my eyes,

Thou emerald month so gay;

For my heart is longing, full of love

For thy gladsome smile, sweet May.

## IN A MINOR KEY

Seniors, take *note* of the direful *tone*

Of a class mate in disgrace

May the *rest* of you *forte* never be

So terrible and *bass*.

Quite *natural* 'twas that he should wish

On his way to school to *rest*

For that feeling *flat* of lovely spring

Will ever take the best.

He got to school 'way past the *time*

As happy as could be

But under teacher's eye so *sharp*

He sang in another *key*.

"What did your movements thus *rit*."

In *ff* tone 'twas said

An *interval* in wrath he stood

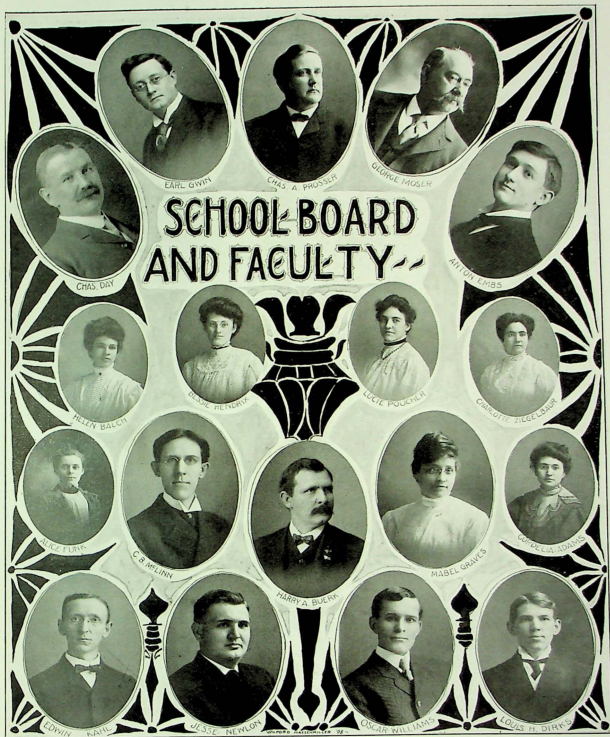
The boy turned very *red*.

Alas, alack; O *measure* dread

From his grade a three was *clef*

And now of good repute this boy

Will ever be bereft. —VIRGINIA LYND.



# A Pleasant Journey

LEE SAPINSKY

One night I sat a-thinking, as a person often dreams,  
When he ponders o'er the past, and its events before  
him stream,  
And while visions of the days gone by, were flitting  
through my brain;  
It seemed I was transported to a vast, wide spreading  
plain.

And as I looked before me, I beheld a curious gate,  
And on it words were written, in letters firm and  
straight.  
Then I drew a little nearer that the words might be  
more clear,  
And high above the keystone, was the legend, "Fresh-  
man Year."

So I wandered through this portal, musing "My, but  
this is queer."  
Then I happened on a box inscribed, "Please get  
your schedules here."  
As I took one, I discovered that these papers were the  
guide,  
Which led the little people who were living here inside.

The dwellers in this city, then I viewed with curious  
eyes,  
I saw they were diminutive, in intellect and size.  
All the landscapes of one color were the strangest I  
had seen.  
The shade that here was prevalent, a bright and daz-  
zling green.

The trees were pens and pencils, the houses built of  
books,  
And blue, and red, and black ink went a-bubbling  
through the brooks.  
This country I discovered was a young one even then,  
The population here consists of fresh, incoming men.

So for nine long months I wandered in this very  
pleasant clime  
And I gained a lasting knowledge, for I worked most  
of the time  
But 'twas with great exultation, that I left this land at  
last,  
And through the outer portal with joy and glee I passed.

From this country then I wandered along a flowery  
way,  
For here all hearts were happy, for here all folks  
at play,  
"Vacation Road" the path was called, by all the  
happy band.  
For a while along we wandered, then we reached an-  
other land.

"Sophomore Land" above the portals were the words  
which there we read,  
Characteristic of these dwellers, was a large and  
growing head.  
They thought themselves too bright, to be bound by  
any rules,  
And the very name they're called by, describes them as  
"Wise Fools."

The trees and books and houses resembled those in  
Freshman Land.  
Their pleasure was to torment, that oft' downtrodden  
band.  
And equal days I dwelled here, as in that other clime.  
But at last when I was able, to leave I lost no time.

Thereupon another Pleasure Road, we traversed free  
of care  
When we saw the Junior City, spreading out before us  
there,  
Soon though awed by our position, though opinions  
yet were hazy  
'Twas made to us quite plain, that the people here  
were lazy.

The enemy to this nation, was a great task master,  
Work.  
From his ever added burdens, they labored hard to  
shirk.  
For Juniors to travel Vacation Road was really quite  
a jest,  
By virtue of what deeds performed, was it given them  
to rest?

The next city. Oh, how Glorious! It now was near at  
hand  
The honored, the respected, great and glorious Senior  
Land.  
The people here were dignified and wise too as a king.  
Their ever present thought it seems, what the future  
was to bring.

Through the quickly passing days, in haste we then  
were whirled.  
To the last and final portal, the entrance to the world.  
The name and fame of this gate, surely needs no  
explanation,  
For emblazoned across each stone, glowed the bright  
word, "Graduation."

As I pondered o'er the days gone by, as I thought of  
those four years  
As I recalled each pleasure, I was almost moved  
to tears,  
In pity of the mortals, held in dire Misfortune's grip,  
Who never had the benefit of taking this great trip.



# Junior Class

1905-1909

## OFFICERS

CLIFFORD LADUC, President  
SCOTT LEACH, Vice President

MARY HILL, Secretary  
IRMA ZINSMEISTER, Treasurer

## MOTTO

*Esse quam videre*

## COLORS

Green and Gold



Photo by Heinberger.

## CLASS ROLL

Engraving by Bush-Krebs Co.

Ada Arnold  
Irene Brown  
Mabel Bigwood  
Abne Cerf  
Roy Daniels  
Alfred Dowd  
Vera Fisher  
Floyd Fleming  
Lillian Pix  
Belle Finch  
Elizabeth Garrison  
Roy Genung  
Elsa Goodhab  
Ethel Hauswald  
Frances Hartley  
Stuart Harvison  
Mary Hieb

Jennie Joseph  
Theodore Kleiber  
Barbara Klerner  
Alma McCulloch  
Elizabeth Mulloy  
Marion Neat  
Griffin Pleiss  
Lafayette Robinson  
Mildred Rogers  
Edna Sagabiel  
Margaret Sauer  
Walter Schmitt  
Bertha Turner  
Urban Widman  
Barbara Weathers  
Nell Willett

Irma Zinsmeister  
William Bonke  
Irma Brown  
Jessie Caldwell  
Walter Conner  
Pauline Dale  
George Day  
Earl Evans  
Hildred Funk  
Margaret Greene  
Fay Lewis  
Eda Irwin  
Johnson Grossman  
Orpha Hilt  
Estyl Inman  
Llewellyn Johnson

Bennie Krey  
Clifford LaDuc  
Scott Leach  
Nell Lemmon  
Irma Lyons  
Helen McDonald  
Katherine McQuiddy  
Herbert Moore  
Bonnie Murbly  
Irma Patton  
Lola Reid  
Alma Killing  
Ruth Shrader  
Marian Shrode  
Bruce Vance  
Dan Walsh

Lillian Walters  
Vincent Whitsett  
Margaret McDonough  
William Strickland  
Oscar Ermi  
Stanley Walker  
Raymond Carnes  
Oliver Hartman  
James Clark  
Leaore Braentigan  
Florine Busenark  
Rebecca Courtney  
Margaret Reid  
Irene Rohlfing  
Frances Sands  
Julia Schan  
Maud Thomas

# Sophomore Class

1906-1910

## OFFICERS

ROBERT LYND, President  
RUTH GARRISON, Vice President  
MARY MORRISON, Secretary

## COLORS

Black and Gold



*Photo by Heinberger.*

*Engraving by Bush-Krebs Co.*

## CLASS ROLL

Elizabeth Cain  
Eleanor Day Conner  
Shirley Dundon  
Gertrude Hand  
Wilma Hanger  
Pearl Hardin  
Margaret Holman  
Carrie Smith  
Elizabeth Stoy  
Cora Vernia  
Mary Wible  
Ethel Wilson  
Ella Zinsmeister  
Alan Briscoe  
Carl Best

Bessie Bradford  
Poucher Coleman  
Barth Creelius  
Ruth Garrison  
Charles Hilt  
Clyde Hickman  
Harry Inman  
James Kintner  
Esther Kahl  
Lisette Korfhage  
Robert Lynd  
Lelia Lopp  
Russell Meekin  
Hazel Meloy  
Marie McConnell

Mary Morrison  
Jean Millican  
Helen Plummer  
Will Ridley  
Ethel Robertson  
Clarence Rogers  
Lydia Roberts  
David Brubeck  
Walter Heazlitt  
John Sweeney  
Forrest Tucker  
Charles Eckert  
Allen Hoover  
Richie Beard

Newland Cannon  
Allison Clokey  
Jesse Crim  
Harold Davis  
Bruce Emery  
Cletus Endris  
Eugene Endris  
Robert Martin  
Guy Scott  
Edmund Stoy  
Irwin Streepy  
Arlington Worsey  
Ferd Wrege  
Sherman Minton  
Cecil Vernia

William Weissinger  
Allen Wolpert  
Gertrude Allen  
Carrie Beck  
Mayme Curl  
Ida DeVore  
Hazel Dieckmann  
Bessie Gordon  
Marie Hang  
Frances Hallowell  
Lida Kremer  
Steele Krentzer  
Nettie Pierle  
Anna Sanders  
Grace Sloan

# Sub-Sophomore Class

1906½-1910½

## OFFICERS

WILL, RUDY, President  
EMMA HIEB, Vice President  
ANNABEL DRAPER, Secretary and Treasurer

## COLORS

Purple and Gold



Photo by Heimberger.

Engraving by Bush-Krebs Co.

## CLASS ROLL

Harry Aldrich  
Lawrence Blaker  
Gladys Busenbark  
Ethel Dupaquier  
Alberta Emery  
Maurice Gohman  
Mary Gill  
Richard Hendrich  
Fay Kenney  
Earl Boyer  
Perry Clapp

Robert Coleman  
Lee Darnel  
Edward Devol  
Guy Downs  
Joe Ginter  
Frank Morris  
Raymond McQuiddy  
Wilbur Reid  
Will Rudy  
Marc Sanderson  
Will Strack

Wilton Terstegge  
Charles Voigt  
Earl Williams  
Blanche Case  
Harriet Crosier  
Annabel Draper  
Gertrude Gurtz  
Emma Hieb  
Viola Irwin  
Frances Kraft  
Lila Krakel

Irma Maetschke  
Helen Meek  
Dezzie Patmore  
Alice Ramsdell  
Bessie Ruthenburg  
Edna Schreiber  
Mary Sherlock  
Estelle Simons  
Rosella Stocker  
Anna Sweeney

# Freshman Class

1907-1911

## OFFICERS

RUTH CORBETT, President  
KATHERINE WILLETT, Vice-President  
CLARA OLONICK, Secretary and Treasurer

## COLORS

White and Gold



Photo by Heimberger.

Engraving by Bush Krel's Co.

## CLASS ROLL

Virgie Bedford  
Charles Bocard  
William Beck  
Ruth Benson  
Adahna Coffman  
Elma Curl  
Herbert Engleman  
Ella Gardner  
Chester Gaugh  
Ruth Johnson  
Nellie Jaques  
William Kraus  
Elva Lewis  
Bernet Leist

Clifford Lyons  
Ethel Llewellyn  
Rachel McBride  
Clifford Miller  
Lena Payne  
Nina Rough  
Irma Sagabiel  
Theodora Sauer  
Martin Venable  
Alinda Widman  
Lawrence Widman  
Virgil Gunn  
Grace Williamson  
Ruth Grimes

Edward Cummins  
Ernest Engleman  
Louis Fiske  
Arthur Flock  
Niban Hand  
Robert Hauss  
George Humlow  
Doyle Montgomery  
Robert Moritz  
Paul Morris  
Julius Moser  
Willard Obenchain  
Rex Richard  
Boyd Rilling  
Homer Stewart

Harold Ulmer  
Vaughn Williams  
Eugene Windell  
Katherine Willett  
Jennie Wheeler  
George Strack  
Emma Boyd  
Flora Burres  
Ruth Corbett  
Marcia Davis  
Anita Diefenbach  
Edith Emery  
Florence Enlow  
Ruth Eisele

Lydia Fawcett  
Ada Frederick  
Amelia Gohmann  
Cecil Kannapel  
Nellie Kelly  
Lena Knasel  
Victorine Liest  
Rose Mulloy  
Marguerite Nealy  
Clara Olonick  
Corinne Pectol  
Mary Sherley  
Mary Smith  
Lena Stratton



# Sub-Freshman Class

1907½-1911½

## OFFICERS

PAUL M. TEBAULT, President  
 GEORGE A. STEPHENS, Vice-President  
 JOHN AGNEW, Secretary  
 MARTHA L. MARTIN, Treasurer

## COLORS

Old Rose and Black



Photo by Heimberger.

Engraving by Bush-Krebs Co.

## CLASS ROLL

Florence Burres  
 Ethel Davis  
 Mary Dundon  
 Edith Dieckman  
 Jena Garrison  
 Manona Hanger  
 Madge Higgins  
 Clara Lee  
 Bessie Millican  
 Virginia Pedigo  
 Lelia Pennington  
 Margaret Rowell

Isabella Tuber  
 Cora Williams  
 Jolin Agnew  
 Norman Beeler  
 Cornelius Bishop  
 Walter Brown  
 Philip Brubeck  
 William Cook  
 Albert Crandall  
 John Hunlow  
 Frank Jones  
 William Kaner

Vivian Nunemacher  
 Ira Pectol  
 Elmer Sevringhaus  
 Ralph Smithwick  
 Raymond Stoy  
 Charles Allen  
 Warner Allen  
 Taber Brewer  
 Orville Hamilton  
 Charles Hassenmiller  
 John Moffat  
 Robert Renn

Otto Robinson  
 Joseph Sherman  
 George Stephens  
 Clarence Strack  
 Paul Tebault  
 Frank Tufts  
 Carl Vogel  
 Henrietta Best  
 Helen Grubbs  
 Edith Johantgen  
 Ruth Joseph  
 Mabel Kahl

Bonnie Keger  
 Eleanor McCleave  
 Martha Martin  
 Catherine Newhouse  
 Ollie Owens  
 Erdene Robinson  
 Nellie Savage  
 Leah Slider  
 Ida Sloan  
 Barbara Smith  
 Eva Streepey  
 Marguerite Williams

# The High School Orchestra

ANTON H. EMBS, Director.

## First Violin

Wilbur Reid  
Ruth Shrader  
Robert Coleman  
Ira Yates  
Allison Clokey  
Benj. Krey

## Second Violin

Vaughn Williams  
Martin Venable

## Flutes

Edward Devoil  
William Bonike

## Cello

Burdette Wright

**Double Bass**  
Stuart Harvison

## Clarinet

George Day

## First Cornet

Scott Leach

## Second Cornet

Raymond Carnes

## First Trombone

Byron Hartley

## Second Trombone

Albert Crandall

## Drums

Wilford Hassenmiller  
Vincent Nunemacher, *sub.*  
Louise Manor  
Harriet Crosier



Photo by Heinberger.

Engraving by Bush-Krebs Co.

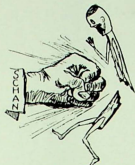
By the throne of Apollo's golden court  
My mansion is, where the immortal shapes  
Of those who cared for music when on earth  
Dwell now without one thought of earthly care.  
But hush—the music of the spheres is stopped  
A messenger with word for Phoebus comes:  
A young rival for your fame in music,  
With a band of High School Students round him,  
Renders music in their chapel daily,  
While o'er the world their fame is ever spreading.  
To the site of such presumptuous efforts  
By Helios, alarmed and angry now  
The matter to investigate I'm sent,  
Swift as the sparkle of a gleaming star  
I shoot from heaven to do his bidding,  
And hie myself within the silent hall,  
Electric bells ring twenty after three,  
Now boys and girls in number just a score  
Rush in with rout of merry, joyous laughter  
And from their cases take their instruments,

Which they with discord great begin to tune,  
And now they play what their sweet will directs,  
Some execute chromatic scales the while,  
Some play in unison sweet melodies.  
As just set free, the others laugh and joke,  
Until among them comes a handsome youth  
Who seems no older than the oldest there.  
He raps his wand and silence reigns withal,  
He waves his wand and music 'gins to sound.  
As one, the trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And me they now with heavenly joys inspire.  
In perfect time the silver cornets sound,  
The velvet trombones lend their sweet accord,  
The piccolo and breathing flute are heard,  
And from the clarinet its mellow note,  
The strings' sweet strains complete the harmony  
Which floats to heaven as if by Orpheus sung.  
They stop—and from my rapture I awake  
I realize the truth and go to tell  
The gods, that man has vanquished them.

—BYRON HARTLEY.

## ... Day by Day ...

1907



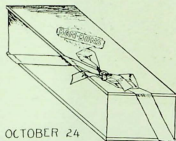
SEPTEMBER 20

- SEPT. 9—The first day of school.
- SEPT. 17—Senior class meeting. Vista board selected. Class officers elected.
- SEPT. 18—Prof. Dirks is mistaken for a Freshman.
- SEPT. 19—The Athenaeum is organized and officers elected.
- SEPT. 20—Julia Schan strikes a match in school—a sulphur match.
- SEPT. 25—Briscoe is solicitous as to the constitutionality of the anti-cigarette law.
- SEPT. 28—First foot ball game. University School 6—N. A. H. S. 4.
- SEPT. 30—First issue of The Blotter.



OCTOBER 9th

- OCT. 1—'08 Class Pins selected. Gold and Blue are chosen as class colors.
- OCT. 3—Prof. Buerk detects a resemblance between the Senior class and a pigeon sans cerebellum.
- OCT. 4—Two of the faculty discover the Seniors to be bluffers.
- OCT. 5—By defeating Salem by a score of 12 to 0, we erase the blot on our history.
- OCT. 8—The violent closing of music books causes a multitude of troubles.
- OCT. 9—Seniors discover they are being overworked.
- OCT. 12—We outclass our old rival Jeff. by a score of 55 to 0.
- OCT. 16—List of "personal questions" to be answered by the students are distributed.
- OCT. 17—Prof. Williams wears a pair of new kicks.
- OCT. 18—We hear the world's greatest singers—by means of the phonograph.
- OCT. 19—At West Baden, New Albany 34, Paoli 0.
- OCT. 22—Prof. Buerk dismisses the gentlemen from chapel. Freshmen all remain.
- OCT. 23—The students wonder if there is any significance in the report cards being blue.
- OCT. 24—Bess Erni gives an illustrated talk on candy making.
- OCT. 25—The Superintendents are among us.
- OCT. 26—High School shows class by holding K. M. I. to a score of 6 to 10.
- OCT. 28—Miss Poucher issues a bull against ponies.
- OCT. 29—Miss Hendrix sprints to school.
- OCT. 31—We prepare for Hallowe'en.



OCTOBER 24

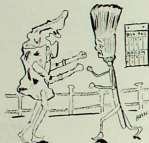


NOVEMBER 18

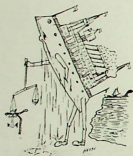
- Nov. 1—We recuperate.
- Nov. 2—Rain saves Madison from defeat.
- Nov. 4—Dan Walsh experiments in mercury.
- Nov. 5—Weinmann supports Bryan.
- Nov. 9—Madison "gets theirs" a week late. N. A. H. S. 48, Madison 0.
- Nov. 13—The Athenaeum makes a great struggle for life.
- Nov. 16—Football. N. A. H. S. 28, Madison Commercial Club 0.
- Nov. 18—Hartley and Weinmann debate strenuously.



NOVEMBER 26



DECEMBER 11



DECEMBER 16



JANUARY 6

- Nov. 19—The slumber party is on.  
 Nov. 20—Senior Class Pins arrive. Earliest on record.  
 Nov. 22—Hartman, assisted by Prof. Williams, discovers the word "thesis."  
 Nov. 23—We defeat Paoli again. Score, 43 to 0.  
 Nov. 25—Bess Erni becomes interested in the civil rights of a widow. Boys shrink from being number one.  
 Nov. 26—Mr. Willis lectures on "Physiognomy." Boys make futile efforts to change their faces.  
 Nov. 27—The school adjourns for Thanksgiving.  
 Nov. 28—Thanksgiving Day. The turkey gets it in the neck.

- DEC. 6—First basket ball game of the season. N. A. H. S. 24, N. A. B. C. 14.  
 DEC. 11—Debate in the Athenaeum: "Resolved, That the Dishrag is Mightier than the Broom."  
 DEC. 13—Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date is presented.  
 DEC. 16—The fleet sails for the Pacific. Freshman asks with what kind of scales ships weigh their anchors.  
 DEC. 20—Presentation of the Football N's.

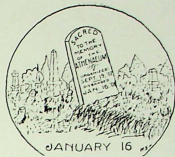
## 1908

- JAN. 2—Reception of the O. O. O. girls to the Senior boys.  
 JAN. 6—A joke discovered in Cicero.  
 JAN. 9—Walker produces weird and wonderful noises.  
 JAN. 14—Weinmann makes a speech without mentioning Bryan.  
 JAN. 15—Hartley and Hartman exchange courtesies.  
 JAN. 16—The Athenaeum disbands.  
 JAN. 20—Prof. Buerk delivers his famous lecture against "Puppy Love."  
 JAN. 21—A culprit hurls a missile at Walsh's derby.  
 JAN. 22—The last lesson of the term.  
 JAN. 23—No school today.  
 JAN. 24—We learn our fate.  
 JAN. 27—Freshmen find rooms by trusting to their schedules.  
 JAN. 28—Great Blotter subscription campaign is launched.  
 JAN. 29—Emery has difficulty in disproving that he is a Freshman.

- FEB. 4—Cannon fails to debate; an excusable absence.  
 FEB. 5—The elements bring about a holiday.  
 FEB. 7—Jake's lunch is sprinkled with assafoetida.  
 FEB. 10—We leave school by a system of bells.  
 FEB. 11—Senior music class petition that they be not required to sing "Lady Arise."



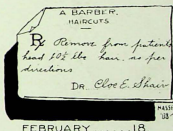
- FEB. 12—Juniors win the Blotter subscription campaign.  
 FEB. 13—Junior class meeting breaks up in a "free-for-all."  
 FEB. 18—Hartley and Rudy complain of concussion of the brain. Doctor advises hair cuts.  
 FEB. 22—Anniversary of the downfall of the cherry tree.  
 FEB. 25—Music in the air; Seniors scanning the Aeneid.  
 FEB. 26—Senior class at last complimented for good deportment.  
 FEB. 28—The Juniors edit The Blotter.  
 FEB. 29—The added day.



- MAR. 2—The Senior class visits the city council.  
 MAR. 3—The civics pupils do in class what the council couldn't do.  
 MAR. 9—Senior class decides against caps and gowns, and petitions the faculty for two weeks' vacation for commencement preparation.  
 MAR. 13—Sophs issue The Blotter.  
 MAR. 17—The wearin' o' the green.  
 MAR. 18—Literary programs are started in chapel.  
 MAR. 19—Mr. McLinn passes a note.  
 MAR. 20—The day of the great Coleman-Meekin fight.  
 MAR. 20—Reference to a ball game found in Cicero.  
 MAR. 26—Calico in evidence.  
 MAR. 27—Freshman Blotter issued.



- APRIL 1—The suckers bite freely.  
 APRIL 2—Prof. Buerk pursues a hat.  
 APRIL 7—The Seniors edit The Blotter.  
 APRIL 8, 9, 10—We enjoy a three days' vacation.  
 APRIL 14—The classes pose—Mr. Heimberger does the rest.  
 APRIL 17—The Senior boys meet below.  
 APRIL 20—Preliminary contests in oratory and vocal music are held.  
 APRIL 21—Contests in reading and instrumental music.  
 APRIL 28—The Seniors are granted a two weeks' vacation for Commencement preparation.  
 APRIL 29—Honor pupils are announced.



- MAY 8—Tri-City contest between Bedford, Salem and New Albany.  
 MAY 10—The Vista goes to press.  
 MAY 15—"She Stoops to Conquer," presented for the benefit of the Vista.  
 MAY 31—Baccalaureate services in the High School auditorium by DeWitt Miller.

- JUNE 1—Music Recital.  
 JUNE 3—Graduation exercises of the Class 1904-08.  
 JUNE 5—Junior reception to the Seniors.





LEE SAPINSKY

(The Vista comes upon the stage, taking the center, the graduating class of 1908, group themselves about it, Vista acts as Interlocutor and the class as End Men.)

VISTA—"Ladies and Gentlemen and other persons, in order to start this 'blow out' in a proper manner and in order that we may not blow up at the end, Harry Bellows will sing now." (Bellows sings, "Beware of the Man who Blows.")

VISTA—"Very well executed, thou with a hirsute as a first name, methinks you could also have executed Charles I. No, no, not by your singing, indeed no, by your excellent execution. Now Chester, tell me what has influenced your mind that you should desire to grow so tall?"

CHESTER—"I thought it Best." (Audience groans.)

VISTA—"And why Mr. Better, I mean Mr. Good, do you need never fear that some demon or Griffin, not a Jennie, but an ordinary Griffin, will change you into a sausage?"

CHESTER—"Why need I never fear, Vista?"

VISTA—"Being Best, you can never be wurst." (Audience weeps copiously.)

VISTA—"Now Mr. Yates, tho' I don't see why your name shouldn't be Gates or Dates, tell me truly who are the homeliest three in the class? Understand Mr. Yates, not homeliest meaning ugly but meaning domesticated, pertaining to the Home."

YATES—"Who are they, Vista?"

VISTA—"Holmes, Manor, and Newhouse. Why is Weinmann like a pickle?"

CLASS—"He's never any good without Bryan." (brine)

VISTA—"Miss Ruth Rough will sing that very touching and heart-rending little ballad, 'Graduation days are coming, now we'll use our middle names'."

Ruth sings gushingly:

"There's a time comes each year, which to Seniors is dear,  
It's dear Graduation day,  
Then we end our career, and we leave in the rear,  
High School days sublime.  
Then we take from their shelves, a part of ourselves,  
Heretofore unknown to fame.  
As though pursuing wee elves, into the Bible each delves  
For those funny middle names."

CHORUS

"Graduation day is coming, now we'll use our middle names  
A queer drear near-cognomen, each one proclaims  
When we hear these most odd handles, everyone exclaims  
Let us procure, in days of future  
They'll lose those middle names." (Class weeps.)

VISTA—"Tell me, Byron, which state would you like to live in."

BYRON—"Maryland, of course."

VISTA—"Maryland, Ha Ha merry, marry, land. And why Maryland?"

BYRON: "Then I'd be near Virginia."

VISTA: "And why are you of such a loving disposition?"

BYRON: "O, I'm so Hartley!"

VISTA: "Cheer up, ere you become a Hartman."

VISTA: "Now tell me, Helen, why are you a socialist and not a prohibitionist?"

HELEN: "I couldn't be a prohibitionist, I've a friend whose a Wine-man."

VISTA: O, tell me, Carl, why do you stay in one place so much and why bore people so often?"

CARL: "I'm a sticky, sticky Thorn."

Buerk, Rockenbach and Thorn, jig and sing:

"We're light at the head and we're light at the feet,  
And there's always a big pow-wow when Redmen meet."

VISTA: "Ruth, why do you look so disconsolate? Is it because of the panic?"

RUTH: "Yes, it is. It's pretty Rough on a person when she has to Skimp and the government keeps on Minton money."

VISTA: "The class will now sing a heart felt solo."

Class sings:

"Rules and regulation, can often tax one's patience,  
When they even come by ones or twos.  
But when they come manifold, they make one's feet grow cold,  
And are apt to induce the blues.  
So we tell you instructors, department deductors,  
Take back your regulations we pray.  
As to students in High School and their acquiescence to many rules,  
Why they really aren't built that way." (Faculty pleads forgiveness.)

VISTA: "Jennie, why should you be a great individual singer?"

JENNIE: "Why even when I talk, I talk so-low."

VISTA: "Why should Kent be a fine athlete?"

CHORUS: "Because he is so Hardy."

VISTA: "And why should Alma be allowed to vote?"

CHORUS: "She surely is a Sittason."

VISTA: "And why, Briscoe and Holmes, do you never need carry weapons?"

BRISCOE AND HOLMES: "Because we've a Lance in our names."

VISTA: "And Charles and Earl why are you so bird-like?"

CHAS. AND EARL: "Why, that we're Martins is quite plain."

VISTA: "Mr. Emery, will you act as page, tho' you really aren't bigger than a paragraph, and inform us if anyone remains in the audience."

EMERY: "All have left save one, your honor."

VISTA: "Then we'll sing our farewell song."

CHORUS.

"The last day is over, the lessons are done,  
We're starting out to the world  
We worked hard and true, our diplomas we've won.  
And now our war flag we have furled.  
But wherever we go, or whatever we do  
Those High School days we'll ne'er regret.  
And tho' the time has arrived, when we make our adieux  
Dear old High School, you, we ne'er will forget. (*Exeunt Omnes*)

# The Fabric of a Dream

HELEN RUTHENBURG

With her chin resting on her hand and eyes gazing dreamily out of the open window nearby, Hazel sat studying for a Civics test which was to take place the next period. She knew it would be dreadful for Civics tests always were for her and she was especially anxious to make a good grade on this, the last quiz of the Senior year. But due to the very fact that it was the last, and that Commencement was so near, she simply could not keep her thoughts intent on civics any more than her eyes on her book, for they would wander to the happy, newly awakened world beyond the window. Again and again she would mentally shake herself and begin to study taxes and the problems attending taxation together with the remedies to be applied to overcome those difficulties, but instead she would soon find herself conning the far more interesting problems of Commencement, of dresses, ribbons and flowers and the exercises themselves. One of the chief problems she had to contend with was whether to choose American Beauty roses with their lovely red or LaFrance roses with their pretty pink tints. She pondered long and deeply over this momentous question and was about to decide once for all in favor of—When lo! she was no longer idly dreaming in the assembly room, but was in Room 25 and the dreadful, dreadful questions were being placed on the board. Yes, there was Mr. Billows writing carefully and precisely and after his chalk trailed the hated words, "Discuss briefly yet completely the problems"—and then Hazel groaned inwardly. She had known—she had just felt by intuition—that he was going to ask that but somehow or other she hadn't studied it and now how she regretted those sweet, deliciously sweet dreams! She turned in utter despair and gazed helplessly at the first question when suddenly the light of hope dawned in her eyes and a smile wreathed her lips for the question ended not with the despised word "Taxation" but, "Your commencement dress." Of course she could that. Who couldn't after thinking of it by day and dreaming of it by night for a month or more! She began to write for once unmindful of the "briefly" and filled page after page with beautifully written, carefully formed sentences until she happened to think of the next question. She looked at it and again joy filled her heart for she and her mother had spent days discussing that very thing. Upon the board she read, "Explain difference between (a) Batiste and mull, (b) Swiss and organdy. Tell respective merits of each, and tell which you have chosen and why." Again she wrote busily and the words glided from her pen without any effort and then she started on the third which seemed to echo her thoughts of a few moments before, "What flowers do you prefer, and why?" How glad she was she had already made her decision and could strengthen herself now in it by a recital of her arguments for La France roses. They were pink, dainty and delicate, suitable for such a sweetly solemn occasion. So she went on to the close, with a delightful sense of security in knowledge as she had never experienced before, and just as she finished the bell sounded shrilly and some one exclaimed, "Well, Hazel, you seem to be taking it easy over there by that window even if you are going to have a Civics test just this minute." Her rosy dreams vanished and her prosy work of a Civics test remained.

## OUR SCHOOL BOOKS

What wondrous tales those old books tell to me,  
As o'er their ragged leaves I chance to turn;  
How many thumb marks on each page I see,  
Put there by one who from them strove to learn.

Each penciled line a doubtful passage shows,  
In many places corners left turned down  
And round the margin space confusion shows  
The copies from some writer of renown.

Upon the back and fly leaf, done in ink,  
Some clever frescoes of a master grave  
By one who in distress had stopped to think  
Or who of books denied to be a slave.

Here too are names of friends that we have known  
Which speak of friendships cherished with those days  
Of some whose truest friendship oft was shown  
Now far apart pursue their separate ways.

Well may we cherish those old volumes worn,  
And from their covers brush the dust away.  
They bring back friends who from our lives were torn  
And in our struggles cheer us on our way.

—ELLSWORTH MCAFEE.



## OLD N. A. H. S.

Our class has got diplomas and we know a lot of learnin'  
But where's the joy and gladness we all had long ago?  
Let's go a-visitin' back to dear old High School—  
Back where we used to be so good and study so.

The fun we had in High School! its just an awful pity  
For all of us to graduate so fine on big commencement night  
To sit right on the platform a-showin' off our learnin'  
You can talk about old school days but they're lots of fun all right.

Search every nook and corner in your fine old cozy homestead  
For your old dusty school desks and teachers smilin' too—  
But you'll never, never find 'em till you take your hat and wander  
Right back to dear old High School and go the buildin' through.

Then let's go a-visitin' back to dear old High School  
Back where the big flag waves so gaily in the sun  
And ev'ry fellow round you is a workin' like a hero—  
Back where we used to be so blithe and have such fun.

I want to see Professor Buerk and hear him laugh so jolly  
And see him frown and scratch his head when his brain's a-workin' wrong.  
I want to hear him lecture on the foolishness and folly  
And tell about the good old times that passed when he was young.

I want to go to chapel to hear the boys aspeakin'  
Until they fill our hearts with a joyful glad surprise,  
And there to see the orchestra's fiddles all ascrapin'  
And hear those sounds of harmony arisin' to the skies.

I want to go to English class where Mr. McLinn teaches  
And hear the boys and girls recite a standin' on the floor;  
I want to hear those scoldin's and the sermon that he preaches,  
Whenever work's a fallin' and the lessons come up pore.

Let's go a-visitin' back to this place of education—  
Back where the students and the teachers are so wise,  
Where there's real work and fun in ev'ry situation  
Back where we used to fret and heave so many s'ghs.

What's the use of graduatin' and a knowin' all this learnin',  
When you can't stand up in class and shine and make a show?

Let's go a-visitin' back to dear old High School—  
Back where we used to be so good and study so.  
—BESS ERNI.

## TIME ROLLS ITS CEASELESS COURSE

He comes, he comes, Old Time comes fast  
You may trace his footsteps now,  
On the naked roads and blasted paths,  
And the dark world's withered brow.  
He has smitten the joys of the gay old Gym  
Where the pleasant sounds arise,  
And the gloom which follows wherever he stays  
Has covered our spirits high.

He, comes, he comes, Old Time doth flee,  
From some far distant shore,  
From a dreary place of unknown seas  
Which Father Time goes o'er.  
Where the fisherman's sail has never set  
And the luckless forms are swept  
In the sunless place of the endless night  
Are now forever kept.

He comes, he comes, Old Time doth come  
On his noiseless chariot fast,  
And the graduating class have bowed  
As the fearful wheels roll past.  
Bearing with him as he disappears  
On the way they are all to go,  
To leave the beautiful school they loved  
In the land so Long Ago.  
—HERMAN ROCKENBACH.



FOOT BALL  
.....SCENE.



COURT  
SCENE



CAST...  
**THE MERCHANT of VENICE** UP-TO-DATE...

# The Play's the Thing

The play has become an established institution in the New Albany High School. As a money-maker its possibilities are unlimited. As an educator its benefits are innumerable.

Great talent has been displayed in the dramatic productions of the past few years. These plays have displayed a versatility in our actors ranging from the serious to the comic. Each play from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice to the more modern Merchant of Venice of five High School Lads, has been adjudged well performed. Those who for the last few years, have taken part in the High School presentations, deserve great credit for their earnest work and efforts. They have lifted the standard of the local and amateur theatricals to a high level.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE UP-TO-DATE

When the managers cast about for a night on which to present "The Merchant-of-Venice, Up-to-date," Friday, the thirteenth of December, proved the lucky night.

The play, given for the Athletic Fund to purchase sweaters for the football boys, filled the High School Auditorium to its capacity, and while the rains fell without, the actors stormed within.

The burlesque of Shakespeare's best known play might almost be said to have been locally constructed. Although we were not the original writers of the comedy had those persons been present on the night of its presentation, they would have recognized their piece with difficulty.

The songs, recitations and incidental music were all local products, as were also the local "cracks." Each participant of the play padded his lines to a great extent and the play suffered none by the change.

The veteran actors all played up to their previous form while the new ones made successful debuts. Each person was happily selected for his part and played it in convincing manner. The play met with the heartiest approbation of the audience, and with repeated demands for its repetition.

The cast which made The Merchant-of-Venice, Up-to-Date, a financial and histrionic success, was,

The Duke of Venice	Gustav Weinmann
Antonio, Captain of the High School Football Team	Sherman Minton
Bassano, his friend and suitor to Portia	Byron Hartley
Gratiano, another friend	Walter Heazlett
Shylock, a wealthy gambler	Lee Sapinsky
Tubal, his friend, captain of the rival team	Dan Walsh
Launcelot Gobo, servant to Shylock	Will Cannon
The Professor, X-Ray Photographer	Cecil Vernia
Policeman	Wm. Strickland
Portia, a rich heiress	Clara Corbett
Nerissa, her friend	Alma Sittason
Jessica, Shylock's Ward	Elizabeth Ruthenburg
Miss Abbie Thrudice, a teacher	Margaret Greene
Polly, Portia's Ward	Mary Morrison
Antonio's Mother	Anna Korfhage
Mrs. Gobo, Launcelot's Mother	Katherine Wolpert
Referent	Eugene Bulleitt
Football Players—Chas. Eckert, David Brubeck, Chas. Hilt, Earl Boyer, Allen Wolpert, Forrest Tucker.	
Rooters—Ruth Rough, Anna Korfhage, Lisette Korfhage, Elizabeth Garrison, Richie Baerd.	

## SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

On the night of May 15, 1908, Goldsmith's time tried comedy, She Stoops to Conquer, was presented at the High School Auditorium, for the benefit of The Vista. The same success, which characterized our other plays attended the presentation of this one.

Each actor was well fitted for the part played and brought out the comedy present in each one's lines. The principals did star work in their roles. The characters in the minor parts were handled in a manner which speaks well for the plays, which shall be given at the time when these actors are ready to step into the stellar parts.

A large and appreciative audience was present to encourage the amateur actors and actresses, and pay to the wit of the immortal Goldsmith the tribute of a laugh.

The following is the cast of the play:

Mr. Richard Hardcastle	Lee Sapinsky
Tony Lumpkin	Will Cannon
Sir Charles Marlow	Gustav Weinmann
Young Marlow	Byron Hartley
Hastings	Sherman Minton
Stingo, landlord	Stanley Walker
Mat Muggins	Herbert Moore
Tom Twist	Paul Tebault
Jack Slang	Forrest Tucker
Aminadab	John Moffat
Ralph Roister	Earl Martin
Diccon	Carl Thorn
Miss Kate Hardcastle	Irene Rohlfing
Miss Constance Neville	Jessie Caldwell
Mrs. Hardcastle	Elizabeth Mullor
Maid	Corrine Pectol

### SERVANTS

Diggory	Herman Rockenbach
Simon	Cecil Vernia
Gilbert	Johnson Grossman
Roger	Roy Genung
Thomas	John Sweeney
Richard	Harry Bellows
Jeremy	Bruce Emery

## Laugh and the World Laughs With You

Senior I (on first day of the term)—I wonder why the rooms are so hot today?

Senior II—Maybe to dry out the green Freshmen.

Mr. McLinn (to Seniors who are rushing from the room)—Because you folks are on the last term you have no right to run from rooms.

The Wise One—Every winner sprints on the home stretch.

"I have broken the tie of friendship between us," he said.

Now what think you of English like that?

For to have used a more elegant expression

Should have said, "I have broken the cravat."

Instructor (reading)—In 1780 a Harvard student gave in exchange for his tuition a cow.

First Student—Sort of went through college by the 'milky way.'

Second Student—Yes, he beefed his way through.

Prof. Buerk (speaking of money sending systems)

—It is a wonderful thing to send money to other people.

Class Wit—It certainly is for me.

Prof. (in commerce)—What is a draft?

Girl (one who always wants a window closed)—I think it is a cool breeze.

Freshman—That paper, 'Exchange' has good jokes.

Senior—What? What? What?

Freshman—Well, every good joke you see in school papers has 'Exchange' written under it.

Instructor—Do you think that at this point Burke's speech was incongruous?

Student (awakening)—No sir, it wasn't in congress. It was in parliament.

English I—Was his speech complete?

English II—Yes, he exhausted the subject.

English I—And incidentally his audience too, I suppose.

Prof. Buerk (demonstrating a geometry proposition with an irregular block)—I wish I had a better figure.

Ruth R.—Why should you, Professor?

Freshman I—Is that fifth problem hard?

Freshman II—No, it's a cinch. I worked it.

Freshman I—It must be a cinch.

Instructor—Numbers are not multiplied considered in the concrete, but rather taken in the abstract. Why, what would we get if we multiplied bushels times cents?

Student—Nonsense.

Senior I—So the king, in order to escape the animal, hid himself in a large jar.

Senior II—Tried to preserve himself as it were.

Prof.—If a person steals property from a firm in which he has a half interest, what will be done to him?

Student—He will be half arrested.

Telling—She has a childlike complexion.

Cutting—Yes, every time she washes it, it runs.

Soph—Many foot ball players are noted for the forward pass.

Senior—Yes, and for the backward flunk.

Soph—Was he a self-made man?

Senior—Must have been. He has a plain (plane) appearance, a hatchet face, and a block head.

Her Friend—Is that your finest hat?

Catherine—No; I have a nice hat with a fur plume on it, but I only wear it for Best.

Here's an epigram for you.

Take it into your noodle and let it soak:

"When a witticism is *very far* fetched,  
It's generally called a *near* joke."

Senior I—If I needed a tutor in civics I would get a stone man.

Senior II—Why?

Senior I—You need so many concrete examples.



# A P(h)unny Story

LEE SAPINSKY.

This is indeed a sad story. Read of a man's unfortunate life, of his wearisome existence, of his longing for death. And it all came of a picnic.

When I was a lad of eight, the Sunday School, of which I was a member gave a picnic for the scholars. Being apprised of this coming event a month before its occurrence, I duly joined this School and was among those who boarded the boat, and set out for a day of playing, eating, dusty tramping, and aching.

At the grounds I fell in with a girl of ten, a distant relative of mine. Would I had never seen her! To her I attribute my miserable life. But to my story.

While we were walking in a field, we saw footprints of some unknown animal.

"What kind of animal is it?" asked she. "Is it a bear? I can't *bear* a bear. Listen! I *hear* a noise *here*."

Two puns. She had cracked some puns. Harmless puns, it would seem. But I was infected. From that moment began my misery. I had heard my first pun. From that moment I developed the mania for punning, which has ruined my days on this earth.

"Here is a girl of keen wit," thought I at the time. "Would that I could crack such excellent jokes!" and straightway I began to try.

"That noise was the bark of a tree," I remarked.

On the boat going home when she stepped on the scales, I bade her *wait* till I got a penny and she would have her *weight*. When I procured the coin and she said she didn't want a *weigh* I told her as I stepped on then to get *away*.

That day started my career of punning. I was pleased with my wit. I had discovered myself. I would develop this great sense of humor. For six years I continued to pun. High School offered a new field. In my books I found a world of opportunity to pun.

I would open my mathematics book and remark that the tan gen was probably first discovered by a sun-burned gentleman. That if you could not find a complementary angle it wasn't complimentary to your ability, that that small *acute* angle was a *cute* angle, that theorems involving *limits* were the *limit*. I wondered if when *Cesar* approached a city in *Gaul*, he would have *gall* enough to *seize her*. I studied Physics. I delighted to ask, "What is a *wait*," or to remark that for efficiency the crane was a "bird." I remarked that the tailor's bill had its *due* point as did the air have its *dee* point.

Then one day came the denouement. During the study of Shakespeare, the instructor remarked that a pun was the lowest form of humor and the class unanimously agreed.

Then I discovered how low was my wit, how cheap my puns. I struggled to tear myself from the terrible habit of punning. No use. It was too strong. The little girl's words at the picnic and eight years' practice had done their work. The awful pun held me in its unrelenting grasp. I must go through my life punning.

Need I tell of my long misery, how I was shunned by all intelligent persons for my borsome custom, how I lost all my old friends, because I would interrupt them in their conversation with a pun, how I never made new friends, because as soon as they were introduced I would begin to word-play on their names?

I desired to be a lecturer. I would arise to make an address. Similarity of words would strike me and I would branch off into puns. I drifted down. I became a newspaper humorist, but my jokes were all too similar, all of a punning kind. As a last resort, I engaged as salesman in a haberdashery. I would offend customers and my managers by stating that we purchased our hats from Cape Hatteras, or our coats from Dakota or our collars from Colorado.

Nor were noun puns enough. Some wretch must needs approach me and inquire if I ever saw a tree box or a board walk. My field of puns was now doubled. Heretofore I found similarity between nouns only; now it was nouns and verbs.

I would be talking to a person whose esteem I desired when suddenly, I would say:

"Old fellow, did you ever see a barn dance, or a salmon bowl or a paper scrap? Tell me truly did you ever hear a wedding ring or see a hand brake or a tooth pick stand? At a ball game did'st'er see a brick bat?" I would pick up a book with a broken binding and with pages falling out and remark the book was not bound to stay together.

I thought to break my disease by going to another country and learning a new language. I sailed for Germany. Matters were worse. I found likenesses between German and English words. "Was a gross man, twelve dozen men?" O, the "nines" and the "nits" and the other words! How they again doubled the field!

In all walks of life, in all businesses, in all pastimes, unbidden loomed up the awful pun. Neither could I devote myself to religion. I would enter a church to hear a sermon. It was not granted me to fall asleep. My mind was active. The pastor's words were puns. "Did Noah know a flood was coming? Where was Eve on the eve of the first day? Was not Abel able to resist the onslaught of Cain and was he hit by a walking-stick?"

This is my life. So have I lived a miserable man. So have I mourned and grown thin. Thus have I been an outcast, a social leper. I only pray for the day when a tomb shall be raised o'er me bearing this epitaph of my own composition:

Neath this tomb there *lies* an unfortunate man, yet how can he *lie* for he's dead  
As you read these words from this pure *white* slab, will the slab at once be *read*?  
This man lived a sad, sad life, a life of too much fun,  
He dwindled down to a *puny* man, a victim of the *pun*.

# FOOT-BALL

## TEAM '07-'08

Left End .....	J. Buerk
Left Tackle .....	S. Walker
Left Guard .....	Wm. Rudy
Centre .....	M. Gohmann, L. Holmes
Right Guard .....	A. Worsey, C. Martin
Right Tackle .....	B. Hartley
Right End .....	J. Kintner
Quarterback .....	C. Rodgers
Left Halfback .....	W. Heazlitt
Right Halfback .....	O. Erni
Fullback .....	F. Fleming

Captain, Walker

Coach, Newlon  
 Assistant, Coolman  
 Subs, Briscoe, McClure, Biscopek

## GAMES AND SCORE

New Albany .....	4	University School 6	At New Albany
New Albany .....	12	Salem .....	0 At New Albany
New Albany .....	56	Jeffersonville .....	0 At Jeffersonville
New Albany .....	34	Paoli .....	0 West Baden
New Albany .....	6	K. M. I. ....	10 K. M. I.
New Albany .....	48	Madison H. S. ....	0 Madison
New Albany .....	28	Madison C. C. ....	0 New Albany
New Albany .....	43	Paoli .....	0 New Albany

Total New Albany 230. Opponents 16.

Touchdowns: Buerk 17, Fleming 10, Erni 9, Heazlitt 3, Rudy 1, Walker 1.

Goals: Fleming 15 from 37 trials; Holmes 5 from 7 trials; Buerk 2 from 2 trials.

Field Goals: Buerk 1.



Photo by Heimberg.

Engraving by Bush-Krebs Co.

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The members of this year's team are deserving wearers of the "N."

Their strength lay not in bulk or weight, for they were unusually light, having an average weight of but one hundred and forty-five pounds, but in that spirit which drove them on against all odds. That spirit was one of true athletics, not personal rivalry nor petty enmity; and it displayed itself to the greatest degree in the most closely contested games.

For this good fellowship and the wonderful success which favored them, much praise is due Capt. Walker for his unflinching zeal and tireless energy, and to Coach Newlon with his able assistant, Will Coolman. Their coaching was able and steady and was met with hard, consistent labor of the players.

The games were unusually interesting for they were ably fought even when under heavy handicaps, as in the Thorpe and K. M. I. games which were lost by a narrow margin only, and although we did not win we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had given the opposing teams a hard fight.

Salem, though she came here confident of an overwhelming victory, as in the past, met with a crushing defeat. From the start New Albany maintained the offensive and sent them home with a score of 12 to 0.

Scarcely to be mentioned seem the games with Jeffersonville, Paoli and Madison, so easily were we the victors. Steadily higher mounted our already large score, each succeeding game increasing it.

The entire season was marked with a hitherto unknown comradeship and good feeling. No wrangling marred the practice hours, nor personal enmities the success of the games. They were things unknown as also were slugging and fouling. A new era of clean and wholesome athletics has commenced.

Much honor is due Buerk who so greatly aided the team by his wonderfully strong and accurate punting. Indeed, in the whole team there is none who has not merited praise by his efficient playing and who does not deserve to be known as an N. A. H. S. athlete.

Out of the eight games of the season we were defeated but twice and then by Preparatory, not High Schools. Our score surpassed all others ever known in New Albany—230-16—and we are justly proud of it.

Many of our former players as well as some promising candidates, will be with us next year and we hope that athletics then may surpass even this year's record.

### THE O. O. O. CLUB

Following an established custom, the girls of the class 1908 organized a secret club, known as the O. O. O. No set meeting days were appointed, but three or four of the members would jointly entertain the club at any time. No weighty matters were considered at the meetings, no plans to reform the world were hatched, but the society was given over to entertainment, pleasure, and what is an important adjunct to both of these, refreshments.

On January 2, the club entertained the Senior Boys by a reception in the High School Gymnasium. The event was conceived for the purpose of establishing better acquaintance and fellowship among the class members. A cleverly arranged program was carried out and the evening was pleasantly spent.

When the initials O. O. O. were announced, speculation was rife as to the meaning of the three exclamations. The boys guessed in vain. Their taunts and pleadings availed nothing, so finally all agreed that the old saying that a girl cannot keep a secret, was false.

It is customary for the names of the Girls' Clubs to be revealed in The Vistas, hence it is our privilege to announce that the club of the Girls of 1908 is "Only Our Own."

### AN ODE

There are many girls in N. A. H. S.  
And most of them we love dearly,  
Besides this lot there are many more  
Whom we all love let's say—nearly.

Besides the girl whom each one loves,  
And the near-ones, I suspect  
There are other girls to whom we pay  
In friendship great respect.

But the most wretched creature whom we know,  
Who with rage makes all boys holler,  
Is the girl who sits in the back of one  
And scribbles on one's collar. —THE BOYS.

### AN ODE

Of the many boys in High School,  
There are some we like real well;  
Aside from these are others  
Who our great respect compel.

To mention degrees of friendship  
Would be hardly worth our while;  
But every boy in High School  
Gets from some girl a sweet smile.

But of all the male persons,  
The ones we cannot bear,  
Are the boys who sit behind us  
And fiddle with our hair. —THE GIRLS.

# BASKET BALL

Center—F. Fleming

R. Forward—H. Rockenbach R. Guard—R. Kent (Captain)

L. " E. Stoy L. " C. Rodgers

Sub. " A. Dowd Sub. " U. Widman

## SCHEDULE

Opponents N. A. H. S.					Opponents N. A. H. S.				
Dec. 6.	Business College	14	24	at New Albany	Feb. 7.	Bedford H. S.	26	35	at Bedford
Dec. 14.	Keystones	16	23	at " "	Feb. 15.	Louisv. Male H. S.	26	33	at Louisville
Dec. 20.	Salem H. S.	6	17	at " "	Feb. 21.	Madison H. S.	9	62	at New Albany
Dec. 27.	Gang	29	20	at " "	Feb. 22.	N. A. V. M. C. A.	27	32	at " "
Jan. 10.	Arrows	33	28	at " "	March 5.	Madison H. S.	10	49	at Madison
Jan. 17.	P. T. S.	8	23	at " "	March 6.	Bedford H. H.	21	47	at New Albany
Jan. 18.	University	30	29	at " "					
Jan. 31.	Salem H. S.	30	23	at Salem	Total score		286	444	



Photo by Heimbarger.

Engraving by Bush-Krebs Co.



The Basket Ball team of 1907-08 was one of the best High School has ever had. The schedule of games was excellent; for the first time we played a number of southern Indiana high schools. The season was also a success from a financial point of view. The Y. M. C. A. financed all of the games played upon their floor and there were good crowds at all of the games, especially those against other high schools. Our first two games were easily won from New Albany Business College and the Keystone, then we easily defeated our old time rival, Salem. At this time the captain of the team, because of failure in class work was compelled to resign. Kent was elected captain. All of the men settled down to hard work, but the loss of the captain necessitated a change in the line up and this seemed to break up the team work. For a while it seemed as though our prospects for a championship team were very poor. We won from the P. T. S. but lost to the Arrows, the Gang, Salem and University School. All of the games were very close, none of them being decided until the last minute or two of play. The game with University School was a fight against heavy odds. They were much heavier than we and several of their players were high school graduates. But our boys played equally as well as they, losing by only one point, University School winning by her superior weight. Finally the line up was arranged so that every man seemed to be in his proper place. From this time on we did not lose a single game. We twice defeated our basket ball rival, Bedford, who so thoroughly trounced N. A. H. S. two years ago. We had the honor of being the first High School to defeat them on their own floor in their basket ball career of several years. As Bedford had defeated Salem and claimed the southern Indiana championship, these two victories established our claim to that title. We defeated Madison H. S. both here and on their own floor by overwhelming scores. We defeated Louisville Male High School on their own floor and challenged Louisville Manual Training High School who refused to play us. We therefore became champions of the Falls Cities High Schools. Then we defeated the local Y. M. C. A. team which claims the Falls Cities championship and thus have as good a claim to that title as any team.

This good showing made by the team is due to the "never say die" spirit of every man on it. They always played their best and never gave up a game until the last whistle blew. They won their games by their fine team work; every man was willing to sacrifice his individual feeling for the team and for High School.

Only two members of the team, Rockenbach and Kent, graduate this year and there is plenty of promising material to fill their places. We ought to have an excellent team next year and at least retain all of the championship honors gained this year and who knows but that we may win many others.

### IT IS AN ILL WIND, ETC.

He was in a great rage when he entered the room, where were seated the members of his family, each engaged in some occupation.

"So this is the way you treat me," he said, and began to berate them all.

He turned to his little sister Lucy, who was sitting on the floor, and as she met his gaze he gave her a stony stare. Undaunted by this she took her jacks from their sack and began to play, "High Castles" on it.

Seeing that she did not heed him he turned towards his father who was reading, "The Plunkville Democrat," and uttered a sharp exclamation. His father caught it in mid-air and reaching into his jeans for his plug, cut off with it a huge chew.

His attention was next attracted to little Willie, who was casting about him for an implement to make holes for the masts of a boat he was making. Advanc-

ing towards Willie, the angered brother gave a piercing shriek. Willie in great glee seized it and soon had the holes pierced.

Incensed by their indifference he was moved to profanity and gave forth a grinding oath, the cook who happened to be at the door grasped it and with it ground the coffee for supper.

His mother was at the table making over a waist, and glancing towards her he uttered a ripping snarl. Nodding him thanks, she reached for it and adroitly severed the seams.

He gave sister Anne who was of a frugal nature a contemptuous frown. She knew of no use for it at the time but picked it up and put it in her work basket for possible future use.

Seeing that they all ignored him and being unable to stand this longer, he uttered a horse laugh, mounted it and rode away.

## The Oratorical Contests

On the nights of April 20th and 21st, contests in oratory, music and reading, were held in the auditorium. In these preliminary contests New Albany's representatives at the tri-city contest, between the schools of Salem, Bedford, and New Albany, were selected. The competitors in each event were numerous, and excellent talent was displayed. The judges complimented the school on the high character of the work. No contestant was sure of his place, and the winners were all hard pushed.

On the first night contests in oratory for boys and girls and vocal music were held. Marian Shrode, with no competition, was selected representative in the girls' oratorical contest. Her subject, "The Missionary in History," was well delivered.

The male orators covered a wide field in their subjects, and this contest was fiercely contested, the boys being especially close in composition and thought. Clifford LaDuc was declared winner in this contest. His subject, "A Plea for Moral Education," was delivered in a masterly manner. Gus Weinmann was chosen alternate.



*Photo by Heinberger.*

*Engraving by Bush-Krebt Co.*

His subject was, "Predatory Wealth." Other orations were: "On the Road to Utopia," Lee Sapinsky; "The Liquor Question," Dan Walsh; "A Course of Empire," Byron Hartley; and "A Modern Juggernaut," Ellsworth McAfee.

Ruth Rough was in splendid voice, and won the vocal contest. Her selection was, "Ah, I Would Linger," from the opera, Romeo and Juliet. Nell Lemmon, a close second, was chosen alternate. Others entered in this contest were Irene Brown, Eleanor Stoy, and Ruth Shrader.

The following night, representatives in instrumental music and reading were chosen. In the instrumental music contest, Wilton Terstegge was selected representative, and Ella Gardner, alternate. Ethel Dupaquier, Vera Fisher and Byron Hartley performed creditably.

The reading contest was the popular field for the students, there being eleven entries in this contest. The selections varied widely in character and for this reason the work of the judges was extremely difficult. Elizabeth Cain spoke two pieces, "When Malinda Sings," and "Encouragement," in perfect negro dialect and was chosen winner. Byron Hartley was chosen alternate. His selection, dramatic narrative, was "Jean Valjean and the Bishop," from "Les Miserables." The others were Mary Morrison, Irene Rohlfing, Bonnie Morbley, Bessie Ruthenburg, Margaret Greene, Elizabeth Ruthenburg, Helen Meek, William Strickland and Lee Sapinsky, and each deserved great credit.

# BASEBALL TRACK



*Photo by Heimberger.*

*Engraving by Bush-Krebs Co.*

Track athletics has not been very well supported by the students for several years, but the inter-class contest held in the gymnasium March 20th, was a success. Several New Albany High School records were broken. Holmes, '08, broke the record for three consecutives, going 26 feet 7 inches. Worsey, '09, and B. Emery, '09, both broke the record for the rope climb, going up in 5 seconds. The Seniors won the meet, scoring 48 points; the Sophomores were second with 19 points, and the Juniors third with 14 points. The Freshmen did not score. The relay team consisting of Captain Weinmann, Bruce Emery, Leach, and Kent, was defeated by Jeffersonville at the Louisville V. M. C. A., by four-fifths of a second. Our team ran the mile in 4:08 $\frac{3}{4}$ , breaking the former record of 4:14. They deserve a great deal of credit for they did not have an experienced coach and very often no coach at all. The night they ran there were not a dozen High School students at the meet. The hall was crowded with Jeffersonville High School students. It is surprising that they made as good a showing as they did and broke the former record, under such conditions. By winning the cup this year Jeffersonville retains permanent possession of it. It seems hard, indeed, that, after defeating them 56—0 in foot ball we had to suffer defeat at their hands in track by so small a margin. But no branch of athletics can thrive without the support of the students.

Base Ball has never held a high place in High School's athletics and last year was the first time the school had a representative team. There was very little interest taken in it. It was impossible to get a good

schedule as very few of the Southern Indiana High Schools belonged to the Indiana Athletic Association, and it is against the rules of that association to play Indiana High Schools which do not belong. This year prospects are much brighter. Many High Schools now belong to the association and Manager Rockenbach is arranging a good schedule of games. Many candidates for the team have turned out and Capt. Erni expects to be able to pick a team from them that will make a creditable showing for High School. In the first game of the season, May 2nd, High School was victorious, defeating Louisville Training School 5 to 2. A return game is scheduled with Training School. On Wednesday, May 13th, Louisville Male High School was defeated at Glenwood by a score of 5 to 1. Other games were scheduled later.

#### THE LINE-UP

Right Field ..... J. Buerk  
Center Field ..... S. Minton  
Left Field ..... C. Thorn  
First Base ..... W. Rudy  
Second Base ..... Oscar Erni (Capt.)

Short Stop ..... H. Rockenbach  
Third Base ..... F. Fleming  
Pitchers ..... A. Dowd and C. Martin  
Catcher ..... C. Rodgers  
Subs.

## What Became of the Seniors

### A PROPHECY

It was on June 1, 1918, that I found myself in one of America's largest cities with exactly \$5.43 in my pockets. During the past decades, my fortune had been varying. Sometimes I would own several thousand dollars, sometimes I would be penniless. I was drifting towards the latter condition on the above date. I knew that the three dollars would keep me three days, at the end of which time I would have to begin again to earn money as had been my wont time and again. But how to recuperate my resources was not the question which worried me at that moment. On the contrary I was racking my brain for a method of spending the odd 43 cents.

Should I go to a ten-twenty-thirty vaudeville show and obtain a good seat, or should I get a cheap, inferior seat in a high class theater, or should I find some other method of spending the forty three cents?

I didn't care to endure the buffoonery of the vaudeville house and despite the fact that less than four coins of the realm separated me from poverty, I felt myself superior to the average gallery crowd. My hope seemed to lie in finding the "other method." But what would be a novel and original way to spend this small amount?

I picked up a newspaper and the date caught my eye. This combined with the number forty-three suggested a thought. Day after tomorrow would be the tenth year since the graduation of the class of 1908. I had not been a member of the class but I was deeply interested in it and knew each member.

I strolled down to a drug store and bought forty three post cards. I addressed one to each member of the class '08. On the reverse side of each I wrote, "Tell me about yourself. What are you doing? Telegraph me." Then I mailed them.

Wisely, I put in the last two words. I desired to close the affair in my three remaining days, I was not disappointed. The missives were all in by June 3.

The first I opened was from Biscuits: "The world is on the decline. I have \$100. The social system is all wrong. We are returning to barbarism."

"Pessimistic as usual," I remarked and turned to the next.

"After graduating from Annapolis, I got a job running a ferry across the Wabash. I take a run into theatricals occasionally on the burlesque stage. Pudge."

"I knew Will would reach a high position both in the navy and on the stage!" I said.

"Do hack writing often times,

Make money by my rhymes." Virginia.

"Beautiful poetry, beautiful. And just ten words in the telegram." The next was from Chester.

"Got the best job with the Electric Light Co. I string wires without climbing poles."

"'Tis better to have grown too tall,

Than never to have grown a tall,"

I quoted from the poet as I reached for the next.

"We are in the law business. Won a case last year, McAfee, Martin, and Bellows."



I rapidly read the next bunch.

"I am playing duets with my husband. Louise Manor Paderewski."

"I have a good job in a Kandy Kitchen. Bess."

"I sing at the Metropolitan, New York, next week and at Skimp's Moving Picture Show, week after. Ruth."

"I am writing Melodramas and starring in them. I tried to reform the world, but it wouldn't let me. Sappy."

"Teaching German in New Albany High School. Helen."

"I am a missionary in South Africa. Almost got eaten by a cannibal. Louise."

"Trained Nurse. Cut my finger today and the sight of blood sickened me. Eustasia."

"I print a paper, run a skating rink, cartoon for the N. Y. World, play in an orchestra and take photographs. By learning Civil Engineering and starting a poultry farm, will raise my income from \$9 to \$12 per week. Hasse."

"A jack of all trades and a master of each," I tritely observed.

"I invented Kreutzer's Kold Kure. Elmo."

"After graduating from the Boston Musical Seminary, I obtained a position as a piano tuner. Anna."

"The palmist who said my life line denoted a happy marriage told the truth. Lima."

"Bowed 299 yesterday. I'll make 300 yet. Ritter."

"Stumping for Bryan. He'll be elected in 1920 if he'll run a sixth time. Gus."

"Gus will get Bryan in anything, even a telegram," I mused.

"I have been a fireman, policeman, and mail-carrier. Am getting tired of a uniform. Ira."

"I have grown some. Height 6 ft 2 in. Weight 300. I hold the weight lifting record of the U. S. Emery."

"I pose for the 'After Taking' pictures for Madame Yale's Beautifier. Mary Newhouse."

"Sh! My husband is sleeping by the fire. Margaret."

"I am a teacher in a correspondence school. I don't have to use my voice. Jennie."

"I am in the flour (flower) business. Thorn."

"My husband has light hair and a black mustache, a combination, I always admired. Maud."

"I landed him in leap year 1916. He was just so awful bashful. Katherine."

"I kill 'em or cure 'em. Dr. Chas. Martin."

"I am lecturing on Woman Suffrage. Julia."

I read with interest the one from Holmes:

"I am an average man, my height, weight and measurements are the standard and I have just \$32.67 the *per capita* amount of each American citizen. Lance."

"I conduct the Answer to Housekeepers' Department of The Ladies Home Journal. Ida Brown."

"My husband is still in athletics. Eleanor."

"I am selling hair restorer. I sing and play the trombone on street corners to draw a crowd. Then I deliver my oration on the merits of my medicine, and when I show my head, the coin rolls in. Byron."

"I am manager of the Kalamazuu Ball Club. Bulleit."

"I am lecturing on 'Woman's Rights.' Grace."

"I am coach on the Harvard eleven. Jake."

"I am running the largest store in Podunk, a town of 127 inhabitants. Marguerite sends regards. Ronald."

"I try to make him see the bright side of things. Mary."

"I am playing at the Avenue in Sapinsky's great melodrama; Heliotrope, the Poor Millionaire's Daughter. Alma."

"Demonstrating 'Warren's Weightless Biscuit. Ethel."

"I am an inventive genius. I invented a Double-Faultless Racquet and a Safety Razor for trimming corns. Herman."

"A successful class," I exclaimed when I finished reading the message, "A very successful class." I knew they would be successful, average citizens of the United States, and not the wonderful freaks and puppets which it was prophesied they would be at the time they graduated. A telegram from each one, and a well spent forty-three cents." Then I faced the world.—L. S.

## THE TRI-CITY CONTESTS

In the Tri-City Oratorical and Musical Contests between the High Schools of Bedford, Salem and New Albany our school won in four events.

Boys' Oration, Clifford LaDuc; Girls' Oration,

Marian Shrode; Reading, Elizabeth Cain; Vocal Music, Ruth Rough, Miss Marie Campbell, of Bedford, won the instrumental contest. A large crowd was in attendance, including many visitors from Bedford and Salem.

## What the Indian Said

When I returned to New Albany after a year's absence, I was curious to know what had taken place in that time. Although it was yet early morning I hastened to the High School building in hopes of finding someone to interview. No one was there, so I mused uninterrupted as I walked through the halls, talking to myself and the statuary.

"And here is the old medicine man, still clinging to his single rein." Then disregarding the terse warning, "Hands off," I touched him affectionately on the head as I said:

"Well, old fellow, what has been going forward the last nine months."

"Arm gets heap sore pointing to the setting sun all day. Ugh!"

I started. What was this I beheld? A copper tinge, suffused the pallid statuary. The uplifted arm fell. The Indian swung from his horse's back. I started to stammer inquiries but he interrupted.

"Listen, you shall hear. Whenever the thirteenth of the month falls upon Friday, as a reward for my former magical feats, I am permitted to return to the flesh and speak. Did you not ask about the events of the year?"

As I nodded "yes" he told me many things which had occurred that year. I listened with interest to his words and philosophy.

"On November second," he began, "our football team prepared to go to Madison. The members of the team and the coaches, besides being eager for the fray, desired the pleasure of a trip to a distant city. On the day set for the game the heavens wept. All day the boys feared a message would come to postpone the game. None came. They traveled to Louisville and boarded the Madison bound steamer. In fifteen minutes it will depart and the trip will be assured. Fly fifteen minutes. Alas! Down comes the A. D. T. boy. There is no copy of 'Bloody Ben's Brutal Bargains,' to retard his progress. He presents the message. 'Game called off. Wet grounds.'"

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'What might have been,'" I said when he finished. "Tell me more."

"A difference arose between two boys of the Sophomore class," he continued, "and they decided to settle it after the manner of the primeval man, altho when the hour set for the fight arrived, there no longer was a difference or dislike between them. Still honor must be satisfied. So they meet on the corner, belabor each other with blows, and return next day to school with disfigured countenances and listen to the gibes and taunts of classmates. Each now supports the

affirmative of the debate, 'The word is mightier than the blow.'"

"He who fights, but doesn't run away, will get black eyes the very next day," I exclaimed.

"It suddenly occurred to a member of the faculty that the benefits of 'Puppy Love,' were few, but its evils were many. So having convened the students, with native oratory and sincere eloquence, he abrogates the custom. His words are heeded. But alas! This man takes keen delight in athletics, and struggles to uphold its finances. What has become of the former large audiences at the games? Now, he knows. An argument in favor of 'Puppy Love' overweighing any against it, occurs to him, and soon he drops this remark, 'It's about time you Freshman boys are getting girls and taking them to the basket ball games'."

"Little children, love one another," I said.

"As is customary each year, the Seniors visited the city council. They came home dissatisfied. Things weren't being run properly. 'Why didn't this councilman do this, and this one that? By passing that second ordinance everyone would have been benefitted.' They all resolved to be councilmen when they grew up, and to do things as they should be done."

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done, idle words had been street car franchises and simple motions a third rail on the bridge," I quoted.

"Heroes, who have fought hard and earnestly for ten weeks on the gridiron, and have contested with the elevens of other schools, and overcome them, are truly entitled to the honor of wearing a red and black sweater with the official 'N.' It is thrilling to hear each boy, who has assisted in the school's victories, given the praise he deserves. It certainly raises one's spirits to be present at the giving of the 'N's' and it truly is an interesting sight to see young men, who have resisted the muscles of opponents, blush before the gaze of their classmates."

"He who has felt the bite of the lance, Oft' will quaver before a glance," said I.

"Now I will tell of the physiognomy lecture, of the Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date, of the debate in the Athenaeum, 'Resolved, That the Dishrag is Mightier than the Broom'; of the—but hark! The clock strikes, I go."

He sprang to the horse's back, raised his arm to the west, and was again a statue.

"A wonderful man," I exclaimed, "and truly a remarkable year." Then I consulted a calendar to see when again the thirteenth would fall on Friday.

## ... The Shields ...

BESS ERNT

"Midway down the side of that long hall  
A stately pile,—where of along the front  
Some blazoned, some but carven, and some blank,  
There ran a treble range of stony shields."

It was summer time, the last day of June; just like other June days. The air was filled with the scent of new blown flowers, the skies were of the deepest azure hue, the clouds floated, and all conspired to throw me into a dreamy mood, to make me feel lonesome. Every bird in our big apple tree chirped merrily as if to say, "Summer is here, enjoy it, dear." As I listened I wondered if one on this earth really could be happy on such an afternoon, unless she could lie among the grass and clover and hear the murmuring of each little wave of cool running water tell of the nymphs and fairies and then bubble on as if it were glad and the whole world were glad for it. Those pretty currents surely must get tired of telling their tales to the same old grass and leaves along the bank, all day long; it is no wonder they seem to call loudly and sound around and invite me. My favorite spot! Must I go? Everything is comfortable around me, a big living room with stacks of books, songs of spring, stories and poems of summer days, and bird songs; just anything, enough of every kind of reading to keep one busy a year—but what an awful feeling it is to have a roof over one's head on such a day.

I picked up my old favorite, "The Idylls of the King," ran through the garden gate, across the green lawns and threw myself down on the river bank that I might indulge in my surroundings of rest and peace, but lo! it was not as it had been before. The water ceased to ripple, the breeze changed into a hot sultry air, the grass and willows stopped waving. I buried my disappointment in the pages of my book and hid my sorrow from that which had made me happy so many times before. There I read of knights and ladies, of truth and beauty, and of love and pity. Each knight some noble deed had done. While thinking how the knight of the twentieth century might be compared with the knight of old, my mind wandered back to days gone by—to the happy days of childhood and later to my High School days and the last month of school and my classmates who enjoyed them with me, and to the small but noble deeds each and every one had done.

While in the midst of these reveries, I heard soft music as of the water, but the river was calm, and out of its very depths, as Arthur's sword that rose from out the bosom of the lake, emerged a beautiful form, clothed in dark blue samite, mystic and wonderful and wearing a gorgeous crown of gold. I gazed enraptured; my eyes were blinded by the dazzling brightness inlaid in the crown. On penetrating the veil of mist I recognized the Spirit of the Past, holding out her hand for me to follow, for me to leave the river bank. As we advanced everything grew darker and darker before my eyes until only the moon high among the clouds, peeped at us. Back to the dear old High School and smoothly up the front steps we glided. On either side, the long white lamp globes beamed forth their radiance as I had never seen but once before—on Commencement night. Overhead the banner of '08 waved gaily in the moonlight. The big doors swung softly open and there in the hall I met all that I so much loved and from whom I had been parted so long. Together we moved up the steps, but not wearily as of old. There at the head of the stairs and near the chapel door stood Apollo, tall and stately, not only as an ornament but as a sentinel guarding a castle gate. The door flew open 'mid a clashing sound. I thought at first it was the orchestra but a sudden impulse told me that it was the clashing of arms. The big room was dark but there on the side stood Athena holding a burning torch instead of her long spear, and suddenly the moon peeped in through the tall windows on the west. Fear seized me but something inwardly told me that I was safe and seemed to tell me what to do. I stood there by the door surprised when I glanced over the long rows of seats only to find them vacant and no classmates there. Walking to the center of the room, there, as on June the third, was the rostrum all decorated and surrounded with palms, a black and red arch over all but in the center instead of the sweet girl graduates and the bright faced boys, sat my mysterious leader on a throne of gold, her flowing garments of blue streaked with gold. I was dumb with amazement. As I neared the platform facing the throne I could hear the beat of my heart and the echo of my thought. As I glanced at the Spirit expecting her to direct me, she only raised her scepter and a blue veil dropped in layers from off the walls onto

the floor and there before me and around me in a style quaint and old hung large goldlike shields and under each a knight was named. Some were more radiant than others. Their shining brightness lit up the whole auditorium. I knew their significance in an instant. On each one was carved an inscription and on each were scratches and dents.

When the spirit arose, there above the throne sparkling stars appeared one by one until "1908" shown in starlight, and either arching overbrowed the stage seven blazoned shields. She pointed with her scepter for me to look high on high arching of the Aurora and below the class motto, "Push On, Keep Moving," at the two brightest shields of all on which were not only carved but blazoned with honor. There on the first was the coat-of-arms of the valedictorian of the class of 1908, surrounded by nicks and scars of hard work and strife and around the edge as a border was carved, "Veni, vidi, vici." The other radiant shield was but little less bright than the first, showing only a few less dents and scratches and around the coat-of-arms of the Salutatorian was carved deep, "Through all he hath held fast to honor."

We then viewed in turn all these shields in that great arch of honor and around the edge of each, surrounding many hundreds of scars and cuts representing deeds, was carved:

L. S. —Genius loci.  
L. M. —Qua nulla est laudabilior.  
B. H. —Bonne et belle.  
E. M. —Tache sans tache.  
E. L. S. —Hoc bene fecit.

What a splendid arch it was! But there was no time for wonder and admiration. My companion descended to my side and then we moved to the long side wall where between every window, one above the other, four carved shields hung. All were covered with dents and deeds. As I admired the beautiful stripes of gold and moonlight, my eyes invariably followed the '08 scepter. We glided down one long aisle and then down the other, stopping between each two windows, only long enough to read the name under each shield, the deeds on some, the virtue and hard work of others and the deeply carved borders of all:

Charles Martin—Verbum sat sapienti.  
Lance Holmes—Copia verborum.  
Herman Rockenbach—Factotum.  
Gustav Weinman—In hoc signo vincis.  
Eugene Bulleit—Plus sage que les sages.  
Jacob Buerk—Bon gre, mal gre!  
Virginia Lynd—Suaviter in modis, fortiter in re.  
Wilford Hassenmiller—Nulla dies sine linea.  
Lance Briscoe—Courage sans peur.  
Jennie Griffin—A corps perdu.  
Elbert Emery—Parva componere magnis.  
Anna Korfhage—Alis volat propriis.  
Carl Thorn—Nomen et omen.  
Mary Devol—Multum in parvo.  
Julia Kintner—Aequiliter diligenter.  
Eustasia Frazee—Cui Fortuna ipsa cediti.  
Earl Martin—Taire son devoir.  
Elmo Kreutzer—Volens et potens.

Edmund Ritter—Homme de bien.  
Ethel Millican—La vertu et la seule noblesse.  
Mary Newhouse—Vultus es in dex animi.  
Ira Yates—Preux chevalier.  
Maud Davis—Virtute non verbis.  
Ida Brown—Toy pour devoir.  
Lima Zimmerman—Maximus in minimis.  
Eleanor Stoy—Memor et fidelis.  
Chester Best—Ubi mel, ibi apes.  
Alma Sittason—Semper felix.  
Katherine Wolpert—Loyal en tout.  
Harry Bellows—Gentilhomme.  
Grace Clark—Droit et loyal.  
Ruth Rough—Basis virtutum constantia.  
Marguerite Hardy—Credul res amor est.  
Wm. Cannon—Brevis esse balbora obscurus fio.  
Bess Ermi—Gaudeamus igitur.  
Margaret Conner—Pret d' accomplir.

Feelings of alternate joy and sadness passed over me as I had never felt before, as I finished reading the last shield. The atmosphere was damp and mouldy. Still Athena held her torch but the moon just drew her curtains that she might rest and sleep. The rear of the great hall was a ghastly sight. The large back wall, windows and all, was covered with dull and blank shields. What did they mean? Then in the center of these many shields appeared before us in huge black numerals "LXXVII." How awful it did seem; all those failures. Out of a class of one hundred and twenty only forty-three had persevered and gained their reward; only forty-



---

three had battle through their course, carrying their shields before them, conquering each and every hardship and at last with their shields bright and burnished have left their names in the annals of the New Albany High School and have gone out in life with knowledge, glory, and honor.

As I stood there thinking and gazing back into the Past, Athena's torch burned low and darkness hovered over us. I could see only my companion's golden crown and scepter gliding through the air. I followed my guiding spirit and with one last glance at the shields of the class of '08, we hurried on the bank of the beautiful river and with a fond farewell to the class spirit of nineteen hundred and eight, I sat down in my pretty haunt to listen again to the murmuring of the rippling water.

### TO MY OLD SCHOOL BOOKS

How soon hath Time thy fate to thee assigned,  
To thee my dear companions loved of old!  
And now you there must wait until the mold  
Consumes thee, dearest volumes of your kind!  
Each time I search your pages, there I find  
A new reminder—how those school days rolled!  
The pressed flowers which in thee were laid in fold  
My heart in sweet remembrance now doth bind.  
Perhaps my actions have deceived the truth  
When I for pleasures new put thee aside;  
Thy hard worn leaves recall these scenes of youth,  
Dear books! for thee my love I cannot hide  
Nor will I now cast thee away, in sooth,  
But love thee still, whatever may betide.

—BESS ERNI.

### THE BLOTTER

The Blotter is now well established in our school. Two and a half years of excellent literary attainment insure it a permanent existence. The benefits of a school publication are apparent. The Blotter is the goal of literary ambition and the means of dispensing news of the school. The frenzied rushes, when The Blotter is issued, attest the school's eagerness for the paper.

On April 6, 1906, when the editors published the first issue of The Blotter, they little realized that their small paper, would grow to its present size, or that the pages of this enlarged paper would hold such improved reading matter. Since that day, The Blotter has grown, quality keeping pace with quantity, until the New Albany publication ranks high in the list of school papers of the state.

Its finances have also improved, and although the paper is not yet self-supporting, the constantly increasing subscription list gives hope that some day, The Blotter, will exist by its own efforts. It is desired that the paper need never have to seek advertisements for its support.

The quality of the seven numbers, published during the first term of this year, was better than ever before,

and much excellent story and verse work was done. The board was: Eda Irwin, Editor-in-chief, Ronald Kent, Business Manager, and Margaret Greene, Mary Hieb, Ruth Garrison, Poucher Coleman, Eugene Bulleit and Lee Sapinsky, Assistants.

In the second term, the plan of permitting each class to edit one issue was adopted, with success. A great subscription contest of the classes, served to increase the number of subscribers. In this contest the Juniors secured the most subscribers, in proportion to their enrollment. A schedule for the seven issues was adopted as follows. The first, was edited by the old board to get the paper well started. The second, third, fourth, and fifth issues were published by the Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, and Senior classes, in the order named. The Junior class, as a reward for winning the subscription contest, was permitted to get out the sixth edition. The four class issues were then submitted to judges, that their respective merit might be decided, and as the Senior issue was adjudged the best, that class secured the privilege of issuing the final number. The Editors-in-chief of the class issues were, Margaret Greene, Junior; Robert Lynd, Sophomore; Ella Gardner, Freshman, and Lee Sapinsky, Senior.

# Herman Kaiser's Confectionery

Leading and Popular Place for

High School Boys and Girls  
Foot Ball Players  
Base Ball Players  
College Students  
Bowling Players  
Bicyclists

Y. M. C. A. Boys  
Basket Ball Players  
Tennis Players.  
Business College Students  
Polo Players  
Automobilists

Summer and Winter Resort where they can be refreshed from their journey

## Menu of Soft Drinks

### SODAWATER ICE GLACES MEDICINAL

#### FLAVORS

Vola  
Peach  
Vanilla  
Orange  
Sherbet  
Chocolate  
Ginger  
Root Beer  
Strawberry  
Grape Kola  
Sarsaparilla  
Grape  
Nectar  
Cherry  
Lemon  
Apricot  
Don't Care  
Bonnie Belle  
Palmdale

#### ICE GLACES

Bonnie Belle  
Peach  
Chocolate  
Strawberry  
Vola  
Grape  
Cherry  
Pine Apple  
Palmdale  
Orange  
Raspberry  
Fruit Nectar

#### MEDICINAL

Paw-Paw  
Pepsin  
Bromo-Seltzer  
Coco Cola  
Lime Juice  
Stagnesia  
Ginger  
Bromo Caffeine

#### PHOSPHATE DRINKS

Claret  
Grape  
Lemon  
Egg  
Lime Juice  
Pepsin  
Cherry  
Orange  
Pineapple

#### ICE CREAMS

Vanilla  
Peach  
Chocolate  
Strawberry  
Bisque



### NUT SUNDAES

Pecan  
Walnut  
Strawberry  
Assorted

### FRUIT SUNDAES

Banana  
Orange  
Pine Apple  
Chop-suey  
Grape  
Cherry

### BUFFALOS

Pecan Nut  
Walnut  
Hickory Nut  
Assorted

### LEMONADES

Plain  
Egg  
Soda  
Claret

### ON DRAUGHT

Ginger Ale  
Vichy  
Seltzer  
Root Beer

### NERVE TONICS

Creme de Menthe  
Lime Juice and  
Pepsin  
Lime Juice

### SHERBETS

Orange  
Pineapple  
Raspberry  
Lemon

### Lunches Refreshments Meals

#### IN BOTTLES

Coco-Cola  
Dr. Pepper  
Cream Soda  
Lemon Sour  
Ginger Ale

#### IN SEASON

Hot Chocolate  
Hot Malted Milk  
Hot Lemonade  
Hot Beef Tea  
Hot Bouillions  
Hot Soups  
Hot Coffee  
Hot Tea

#### IN BOTTLES

Coco-Nola  
Paw-Paw  
Chocolate Cream  
Peach Bounce  
Pop

### Oysters Served in any Style In Season

#### EATABLES

Hamburger Sandwiches  
Ham Sandwiches  
Cheese Sandwiches  
Oyster Sandwiches  
Egg Sandwiches

#### IN SEASON

Buttermilk  
Milk Shake  
Coffee  
Tea  
Milk

#### EATABLES

Cream Puffs  
Fancy Cakes  
Jelly Roll  
Doughnuts  
Pies

Headquarters for all the leading brands of Fancy Box Goods

Counter Goods received daily

Sliced Watermelon and Cantaloupe on ice in season

Fruits, Nuts, Salted Peanuts and Almonds, Chewing Gum and Popcorn

You will find that the best place to meet your friends is at our Parlor on Pearl Avenue. Make it your home. Arrange to lunch with your friends here. Our special parlor, our delicious eatables, our cooling drinks are yours. Have your favorite flavor and drinks and take a box of our candies home with you. It will make you live long and happy to a ripe old age.

COME TO SEE ME AT

322 Pearl Avenue, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA

Home Phone 248

# Levy's

CLOTHING  
SHOES  
HATS  
FURNISHINGS

LEADING  
OUTFITTERS  
FOR  
YOUNG MEN

# Louisville

## ...Fine Stationery...

The imprint of this firm on your stationery is indicative of correctness and style in every detail. All the accepted Foreign and American styles are represented in our collection, enabling us to supply the needs of the most exacting. Our engraving is done by a corps of skilled artists. Our samples are at your service. A request will bring them to you. Prices lowest, quality considered.

**ENGRAVED ANNOUNCEMENTS.** Fine engraved plate and 100 invitations or announcements, complete with double envelopes, \$8 to \$15.00 for first 100; \$2.00 to \$5.00 for each additional 100.

**CORRESPONDENCE PAPERS.** "Le Court" is the latest in correspondence cards and papers. It is a linen lawn paper, and has a border that is a little darker than the tint of the card. Price per box, \$1.25 to \$1.50.

**IMPORTED PAPERS.** We have a large and beautiful assortment of foreign writing papers. Prices per box, 60c to \$1.50. Fancy Box Paper, including initial or monogram stamped on paper. Price per box, \$1.00 to \$10.00.

**CATALOG MAILED FREE.** Our 225-page illustrated catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Art Wares, Cut Glass China, Crystal, etc., sent free upon request. Special attention given to orders from out-of-town residents.

**Mermod, Jaccard & King,** BROADWAY,  
COR. LOCUST, St. Louis, Mo.

### SOME OLD PROVERBS AND MODERN PHRASES

As the Highly Educated Members of the Class '08,  
Would Say Them.

(Ed. NOTE. If with the aid of Webster you cannot translate these, look in on us when we're out).

I am unacquainted with my destination but am aware that I am traveling thither.

Some person prevaricated, in fact perverted the truth from its natural channel.

He handed me a yellow skinned, oval shaped fruit, closely resembling in texture the orange.

Animals of the specie avis, having plumage of a similar color, seek each other's company.

A boulder in rapid, tumbling motion, takes unto itself no herbage of the lichen variety.

Persons of superior intelligence place seats of the three legged variety in the pathway of the intelligent that they may fall from grace.

If expressed desires were equines, pedestrians of the vagrant type might travel mounted.

Need bears material relationship to invention.

Become perfectly familiar with your landing place before hurling yourself into space.

The current of air is indeed wicked, which, zephyr wafts to none some benefit.

Not at the moment thro' which we are now living, but in the near future.

Tender me your affection, and this mundane sphere, known to astronomers as earth, comes into my possession.

## Mannerchor Hall

SPRING BETWEEN 3rd AND 4th STS.

The only and Up-to-Date  
Place for

- Concerts
- Receptions
- Banquets
- Dances
- Recitals
- Plays
- Balls
- Meetings

For Rental See

**H. L. ROCKENBACH, 640 State St.**

BOTH PHONES

Home 177-a Cumb. 688-a

# Who Wins?

## We Want Your Answer



SAID THE FIRST: "THE WHOLE SCHEME OF PRESENT-DAY ADVERTISING IS SUPERFLUOUS. IT'S WASTEFUL AND EXTRAVAGANT."



REMARKED THE OTHER: "A FIRM WHICH USES ORIGINAL AND PLEASING METHODS IN ADVERTISING CAN EASILY PERPETUATE ITS NAME."



# Who Wins? We Want Your Answer

THE two members of a leading mercantile establishment of New Albany were discussing the topic of advertising. They agreed that the only beneficial and lasting advertisement is the giving of honest values in merchandise, courteous treatment and good store service.

But a most heated and vigorous discussion arose over *all* other advertising. The conventional and novel methods of gaining publicity and attracting the prospective customer were strongly argued pro and con. The first contended and steadfastly held to his opinion, that the whole scheme of present day advertising is superfluous, wasteful and extravagant, in that the advertiser is completely forgotten, immediately his name is withdrawn from the public view, and that all styles of advertising are overdone and should be discouraged. The other partner took decided issue with him, arguing that a firm which, like theirs, gives the purchaser the full worth of his money, could by the use of original and pleasing methods in advertising, perpetuate its name. He further contended that the minds of thinking people could be so trained that the mere mention of the product handled by a constant advertiser, at once suggests his establishment and all of the unidentified advertisements, if new and clever in idea, are always attributed to that advertiser, whose name is most before the public. The agitated discussion finally ended in the usual American fashion, a wager, which was to be settled by an ad, and the 1908 Vista was chosen as the very best medium for the test.

The decision now rests with you. Help decide this timely question. Whose advertisement is this? If your answer is correct, a practical souvenir will be delivered to your address, if you get your answer in before June 5th 1908. Fill in the blanks below, cut on dotted lines and mail to New Albany's most progressive store, which, in your opinion, is—

FROM	
YOUR NAME _____	THE FIRM'S NAME _____
YOUR ADDRESS _____	LOCATION _____
CITY _____	BUSINESS _____
STATE _____	NEW ALBANY, INDIANA

PLACE  
ONE CENT  
STAMP  
HERE

# Who Win Our Gold Medals?

## HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

Joseph McCracken in 1906 and Nellie McDonald in 1907. Martha Hieb in March, 1908, won the Remington Gold Medal for greatest proficiency in touch typewriting and had the honor of being selected as one of twelve, from the best Business Colleges in the United States, to contest for the Remington World's Championship.

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Prof. Embs (before the song begins)—There is too much noise in this room.

Sleepy Soph (after the song begins)—There is too much noise in this room.

Mathematical Student—Do you like commerce?

Literary Student—Yes, fine.

M. S.—Why?

L. S.—I dearly love to read the problems.

Student—He was a man of mettle, and a very obstinate man.

Instructor—Yes, he was a man of iron and he couldn't be lead.

Instructor—Why does Burke argue against the use of force in the colonies?

Student—I guess he was a friend of the Egg-o-See company.

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